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THE
MELON VINEGENEALOGY
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W37WHS,
1920THE
MELON VINEYear Book
Published
by
the Senior
ClassWeatherford High School
Weatherford, Texas

1920

1920

Dedication

—TO—

Miss Lois Wythe

Our Former History
Teacher

EVER thoughtful, patient, considerate, and untiring in her efforts to give us the best instructions and to make us better boys and girls; whom we love not only as a teacher, but as a friend, this 1920 Melon Vine is respectfully dedicated.

THE
MELON VINE



1920

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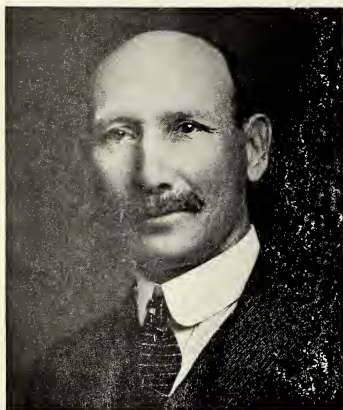
BOOK III—LITERARY.

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BOOK V—ATHLETICS.

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Superintendent



T. W. STANLEY
Superintendent of Schools

"Ever on the alert for the betterment of his schools."

Foreword

WHETHER we have surpassed the work of former Senior classes in publishing this Melon Vine of 1920, we do not know. We do know, however, that we have put forth our best efforts and tried to equalize the different departments as much as possible. We have endeavored, in the best way we knew how, to portray the spirit of this, our last year, spent in the halls of the Weatherford High School.

THE
MELON VINE



FACULTY

Tom Witten Jr.

Principal

THE
MELON VINE



W. O. DeWEES, Principal of High School
Mathematics

The life of the Weatherford High School.

MRS. A. A. BERRY
Assistant Science

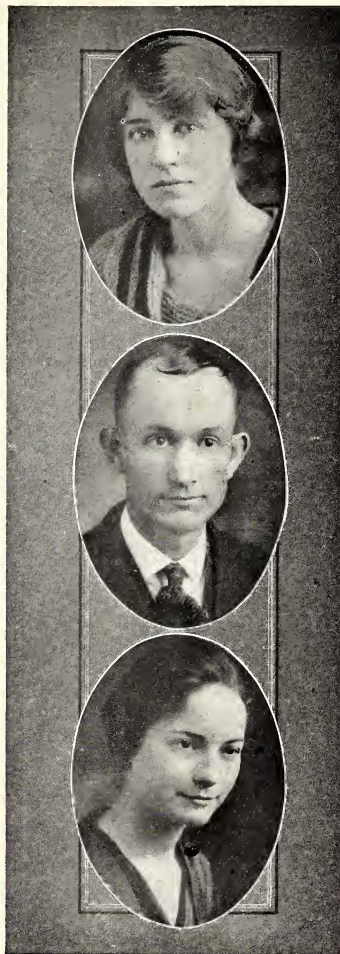
"I'm right here on the stairs, girls."

A. A. BERRY
Science

"He is **SOME** science teacher, and,
believe me, he has put out
SOME real athletes in his
day."

MISS EDITH ROGERS
Latin

"Still waters run deep."



MRS. NOLAN QUEEN
Assistant History

Her friends among the students are many.

MISS CIGALE JORDON
History

She refuses to be frivolous. "Now have you an ADEQUATE conception of it?"

MISS EULA PICKARD
Assistant English and History

A special friend to all the Seniors.



MISS PEARL FLEMING

Assistant English

An able instructor as well as a
true friend.

MISS LENA BECK

Assistant Mathematics

Also guardian of the Honor Roll.

MISS MODENA GOODLOW

Spanish

"Always the same smiling face
What a pity there are not
more like her."



MISS KATHERNIE LAUGHLIN

Domestic Economy

All the boys love her, wonder why?
Maybe it's 'cause she can make such
good eats.

MRS. ALFRED IRBY

English

"I have such high ambition for all
of you."

MISS EWIN BRAME

Commercial

We are afraid we are going to lose
her but we admit he's a
lucky fellow.



THE
MELON VINE

SPRING

1920

SENIORS

OFFICERS

JOHN RIEVES, President.

BLAIR CHERRY, Vice President.

MAE SANDLIN, Secretary and Treasurer.

WARD DeWEES, Class Reporter.

CORNELIA HOOD, Class Editor.

COLORS—Purple and Gold.

FLOWERS—Violets and Yellow Daises.

MOTTO—"As astra per aspera." (To the stars through bolts
and bars.)

JOHN S. SPRATT

"High-pockets."

President Class '19.
President S. L. S. '19.
Basket Ball '19.
Track Team '19.
Debating Team '20.
Manager Football Team '20.
Member Congress '20.
Business Mgr. Grass Burr '20.
Editor-in-Chief Grass Burr '20.
Editor-in-Chief Melon Vine '20.

He is always the same good fellow,
genial spirit, man and
friend.

ELOCILE MATTHEWS

"Bob"

Member G. E. S. '19
Member B. N. A. '20
Spanish Club Reporter '20
President F. O. P. '20.
Assistant Editor-in-Chief Grass
Burr '20.
Assistant Editor-in-Chief Melon
Vine '20.

A gracious person, noble, of fresh
and stainless youth.

JOHN RIEVES

"Shorty"

Debating Team '17, '18, '19.
Class President '18, '20.
Business Mgr. Melon Vine '20.
Speaker of Congress '20.
Member S. L. S. '17, '18, '19.
Second Team Football '20
President Students Ass'n. '20.

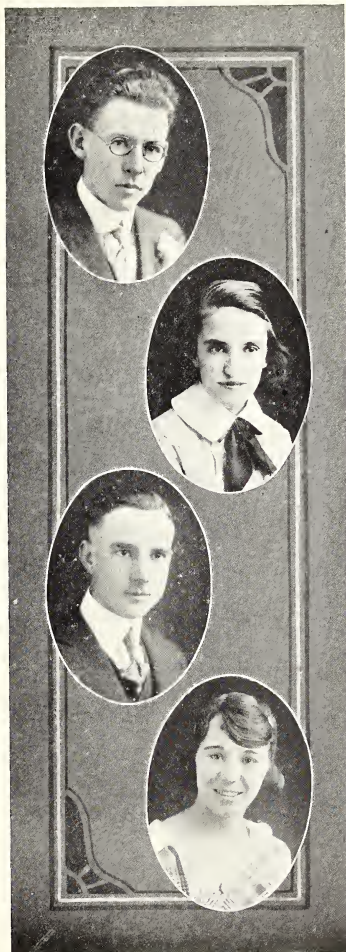
He has a mind that fits his fair and
outward character.

CONWAY ALEXANDER

"Owl."

Member G. E. S. '19
Member B. N. A. '20.
Member F. O. P. '20
Social Editor Melon Vine '20.

Loyal to love and duty.



CLAIRE DAVENPORT
"Nameless."

Our cheerful friend and comrade.

CORNELIA HOOD
"D."

Class Editor Melon Vine '20.

Member G. E. S. '19.

Member Students Council '20.

President B. N. A. '20.

If by being a friend, we have
friends,

Then her life will be blessed with
many.

ALLEN EDWARDS
"Kitten II."

Track Team '19, '20.

Member S. L. S. '19.

Debating Team '20.

Member Students Council '20.

I talk when I have occasion, and
sometimes when I have no
occasion.

ALICE YOWELL
"Tiny."

Member B. N. A. '20.

Member F. O. P. '20.

A dear little, queer little, cute little
girl.



LOUIS HARTLEY

"Skinney."

Second Team Football '20.

Sergeant-at-arms Students Organization '20.

Member Congress '20.

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat
and therefore be merry."

BERTHA KEBLEMAN

"Bert."

Member G. E. S. '19.

Member B. N. A. '20.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who
will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all
day long."

CLAYTON ORN

"Link."

Member S. L. S. '19.

Member Congress '20.

Circulation Agent Grass Burr
'20.

"There's always joy for the blithe-
some boy
Whose thirst is ever new."

ADDIE MYRTLE McCONNELL

"George."

Member B. N. A. '20.

Member F. O. P. '20.

Member Students Council '20.

This is she to all of us—a rest, a joy



VAN BOYD

"Doc."

Football '20.

"I never murmur without cause and
I never have cause to mur-
mur."

MARGUERITE PORTER

"Maggie."

Her friendship, true and fond.

PRESTON WOODY

"Pres."

Basketball '19.

Football '19.

Member Spanish Club '20.

"A true friend is the greatest of all
goods."

LULA PORTER

"Lu-Lu."

Her presence brings to all sweet
cheer.



GRADY LOTHERIDGE

"Shadie."

Gone—but not forgotten.

LOREE COMPTON

"Kee."

Member B. N. A. '20.

Member F. O. P. '20.

Skies wear for her a brighter, lovelier smile.

THERYLLE KNOX

"Buzzy."

Member Congress '20.

"Don't worry about the future, the present is all thou hast."

LAVINIA ISBELL

"Lefty."

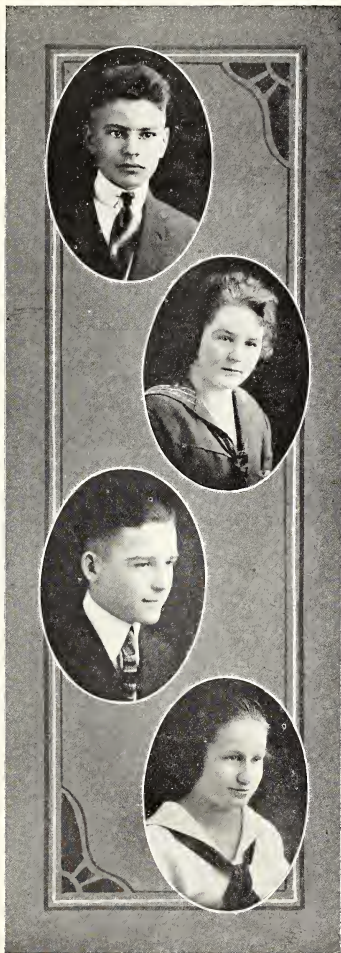
Member G. E. S. '19.

Spanish Club Secretary '20.

Sergeant-at-arms B. N. A. '20.

Reporter F. O. P. '20.

The skies gave their tint to her eyes.



WILLIS RICHARDS

"Buddy."

Second Team Football '20.

"Let me live in haste, use pleasures
while I may;
Could life return, I'd never lose a
day."

FRANCES FANT

"Peggy."

Member F. O. P. '20.

Member B. N. A. '20.

She smiles with a smile that's really
a smile.

PAULINE CURTIS

"Pawk."

A memory of the exquisite charm of
life's sweet Spring-time.

RUTH McNATT

"Ching."

Class Treasurer, 19.

Member G. E. S. '19.

Vice president F. O. P. '20

Member B. N. A. '20.

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may
Youth's a stuff that will not endure."



THE MELON VINE

JOE CHANDLER

"Dick."

Vice president Class '19.

Baseball '20.

"The good die young—

I know that I will live to a ripe old age."

FERN NEWTON

Member G. E. S. '19.

Girls' Athletic Editor Melon
Vine '20.

Secretary F. O. P. '20.

Member B. N. A. '20.

Basketball '18, '20.

A gentle friend, what could be
dearer?

FRED BLOOM

"Cheesie."

"All great men are dead and I'm
not feeling well."

WAYNE MILLIKEN

"Billiken."

Member F. O. P. '20.

Treasurer B. N. A. '20.

"She is pretty to walk with, and
witty to talk with, and
pleasant too, to think on."



HUGH GRACY

"Possum."

Baseball '20.

"A kind and gentle heart he has."

MARY ALICE WINGO

"Martha."

"The source of help, happiness and
heaven."

ELIZABETH KINDER.

"Ekie."

Sergeant-at-arms F. O. P. '20.

Reporter B. N. A. '20.

"Compel me not to toe the mark."

VERDA OPAL GUILLES

"Opaque."

She is so shy, so quiet

People hardly know her worth.



MACK RUST
"Rusty."

Basketball '19.
Track Team '19.
Member S. L. S. '19.
Member Congress '20.
"Silence is deep as eternity."

MAIDA BUCHANAN
"Bucky."

Secretary Class '19.
Member B. N. A. '20.
Rose-checked and full of sunshine.

WARD DeWEES
"Skinney."

Member S. L. S. '17, '18, '19.
Member of Assembly '20.
Member of Congress '20.
Class Reporter for Grass Burr
'20.
The world is looking for the man
who can do things.

MAE SANDLIN
"Bantum."

Secretary and Treasurer Class
'20.
Member Students' Council '20.
Secretary B. N. A. '20.
If happiness be the fruit of con-
scious usefulness,
Then she should be always happy.



THE MELON VINE

MORRIS BOOLES

"Shimmy."

Assistant Business Manager
Melon Vine '20.

"Snatch gaily the joys which the
moment shall bring,
And away every care and perplexity
fling."

KATIE LOU SHAW

"Flighty Lou."

Member B. N. A. '20.

Smile—and the world is weak be-
fore thee.

BLAIR CHERRY

"Speedy."

Vice president Class '20.

Football '20.

Vice president Students Organi-
zation '20.

Baseball '20.

While I live, let me live!

Captain Track Team '20.

Member G. E. S. '19.

HILLIS ALIENE SNODDY

"Blondy."

Rare her charms and sweetness.



THE MELON VINE

JAMES A. GARRETT

"Honest"

Basket ball '19, '20.
Track Team '19, '20.
Member S. L. S. '19.
Baseball '19, '20.
Speaker Congress '20.
Second Team Football '19, '20.
Sport Reporter Grass Burr '20.
Boys' Athletic Editor Melon
Vine '20.

"Strong reasons make strong
actions."

FANNIE DENNIS

"Slim"

A comrade of helpfulness and
sympathy.

JAMES A. FERGUSON

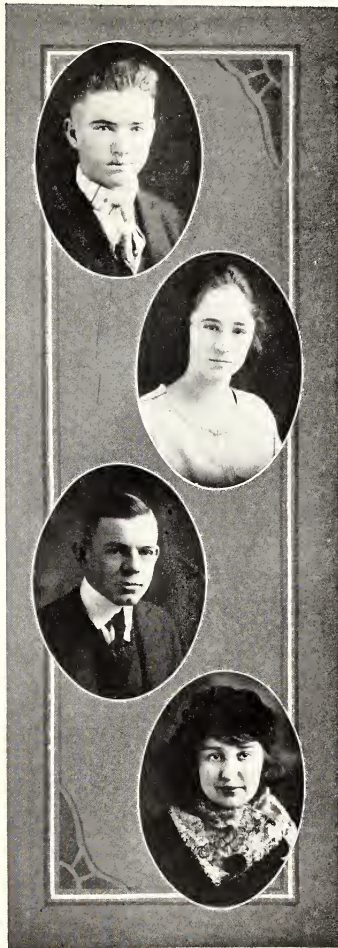
"Jim"

Member of Congress '20.
"Laughter is the sunny side of
existence."

JOHNNIE LEWIS

"Louie"

Member B. N. A. '20.
Member F. O. P. '20.
If the ladder of fame ever turns
topsy-turvy I'll be on top.



RUBY DAUGHERTY

"Skeeter."

Assistant Editor-in-chief Grass
Burr '20.

Member G. E. S. '19.

"She bares a mind that envy cannot
but call fair."

BONNER DARBY

"Derby"

"All study and no play makes Jack
a dull boy, they say."

RUTH MAISEL

"Dutch"

Member B. N. A. '20.

Member F. O. P. '20.

"Let me be gay while I am young,
And fill my life with laughter and
merry song."

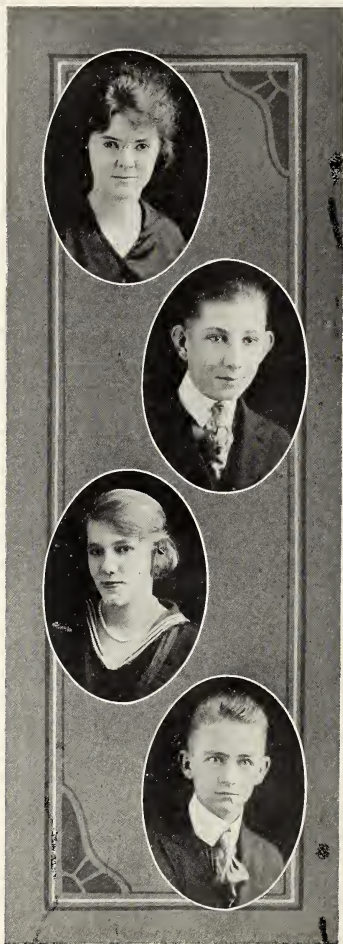
CLAY CARTER

"Gouvner."

Member S. L. S. '19.

Basket ball '19.

"Large is his bounty, and his soul
sincere."



History of the Class of '20

In Four Grindings

GRINDING NUMBER ONE

NOW the history of the Class of 1920, of the High School of the City of Weatherford, County of Parker, State of Texas, is this: In the beginning, in the sixteenth and ninetieth year of our Lord, in the ninth month, and on the tenth day of the month, there entered into the great Land of Learning, eighty of us freckle faced, pug-nosed, cat-eyed seekers of knowledge. We were ordinary Freshmen, quivering at the sight of a teacher, biting our tongues when called upon and crossing our eyes to keep from looking any one in the face. We spent the nine long months of that age in distress, trying to overcome an abasing fear of every one, especially those superhuman beings, the teachers. We never entered the class room without fear of being beheaded, or worse, the fear of having to discuss matters with Mr. De Wees. We would never stay at home even when we were sick because we thought it would not please the teachers.

The "bone-heads" we would pull! We would go to English, and only find ourselves in Mr. Stanley's office with that hurlothrumbo creature looking upon us. We would find ourselves on the road going home, when it was only recess. We would get our subjects mixed up and tell the history lesson in the Math class. But oh! how we would bite our tongues and swear never to pull that again—and we would not, not until the next day. But happily we filled our heads full of mistakes until we were forced to do right, and by the end of the year we had sufficiently overcome our awkwardness. We organized our class and got right into the game.

GRINDING NUMBER TWO

Some fell by the wayside, but most of us survived the May examinations and became members of the Soph class. We plunged into the work with the determination to succeed. Some of the fear of the teachers wore off, and we began to consider them as human beings. But we still looked upon them as superior to anyone in the world. To us they were mighty beings, with their heads jammed full of knowledge. Some of the fear of recitation had worn off, and we looked upon our subjects as a play, and not work. Our teeth ceased to shake, and our hair would lay down.

During this stage of development, we never failed to carry our books, pencils and other utensils home. We burnt the mid-night oil seeking for the knowledge that we might procure out of our books.

We tempered this great age of knowledge with a few picnics and parties and tried to make it look like school time.

GRINDING NUMBER THREE

As we journeyed on to the third great stage of our High School days, we became those beautiful Juniors—but all did not journey thus far.

We were dignified, we knew everything, and, if there was any information to be given out, we had to give it away, as we were full of it. We feared no teacher, and thought we knew as much as they knew or ever would know. Every one would step to our tunes, especially the Freshmen. We owned the laboratory department and were very familiar with it.

We boys were now gentlemen, and the girls were ladies. We would go with the girls and no one could beat us flirting. We were cigarette fiends, adding all the fancy touches to smoking.

GRINDING NUMBER FOUR

And now we were through the old rough stages and into the beautiful Senior year. We were happy creatures! It seemed impossible; too good to be true; but we were Seniors. You get that, don't you? S-E-N-I-O-R-S. Our play days had passed, the responsibilities of the world were upon our shoulders; and especially did they lay heavily upon a few of our members. Now that we were Seniors, the school depended upon us, the honor hall could not exist without us. In fact, we had control of the honor hall and would not talk, but would conscientiously report these half-witted, hairbrained Juniors. We would help Mr. De Wees run all affairs in the aforesaid hall.

As our pride grew to a great bigness, we began to wish for badges, which would show our degree of honor. Many messages were sent to the big cities and all town roundabout for samples of their fine jewelry, and at last after much consideration and reconsidering, we professed ourselves to be satisfied with our choices, and rings were purchased.

Now we really did accomplish something in our Senior stage. We put out the first Grass Burr in the W. H. S.. That alone is worth the whole four years' work. With this Grass Burr we boosted our school (it came near boosting us) and helped those little Freshmen. We published this issue of the Melon Vine—a book that will settle the long remembrance of the mind.

Then at the close of the school, the world held out its arms to receive such a noble bunch. In our group we have a lawyer, two school teachers, one male and one female, a photographer and two printers.

—C. L. O.

Senior Class Will

THE STATE OF TEXAS

County of Parker

} Know All Men By These Presents:

That we, the Senior Class of the Weatherford High School, being of lawful age, of sound and disposing mind and memory, aware of the shortness of school life and the certainty of graduation, do desire to settle our worldly affairs while we have the strength to do so and do make this our last will and testament.

First, we desire that our funeral services be conducted by our friends and well-wishers, our superintendent and his all-wise and ever-competent faculty, who have been our guardians for so long, only asking as the last injunction of the dying, that the funeral be carried on with all the dignity and pomp that our worth, our merit, our attainments and our position as Seniors of "grave and reverend mien" must certainly have deserved.

Second, we desire and do hereby direct that all of our just punishments, if any, be postponed indefinitely or be given to the next class which may lack these pleasures.

Third, we give and bequeath to our beloved faculty all the amazing knowledge and startling information that we have furnished them from time to time in our various examination papers. We trust that they will feel at liberty to use such bits of enlightenment (at their personal discretion) for the education of the classes to follow us.

Fourth, we do hereby devise to our successors, the Junior class, all of the stupidities, inattention, indolence, and other follies of 1919-1920. To them we devise, also, our trials and troubles, and our coveted seats in the Honor Hall, together with all of the Senior privileges.

We also bequeath——

John Spratt's six feet, four, to John Mitchell.

Ruby Daugherty's studiousness to Clarine Power.

Alice Yowell's affection to James Ashcroft.

Mack Rust's solemnity to George Putman.

Ruth Maisel's giggling to Velma Morris.

Fred Bloom's dignity to Pruitt Cogburn.

Clayton Orn's eagerness for going to the "Home" to Conrad Russell.

Wayne Milliken's timidity to Gertrude MacNelly.

Hugh Gracy's silence to Reginald Mitchell.

Ruth McNatt's grades to Lucille Stokes.

THE MELON VINE

Maida Buchanan's bluff to any Junior who needs it. Apply early and avoid the rush.

Morris Boole's love for dancing to Stonewall McMurray.

Addie Myrtle McConnell's sweet voice to Lucille Lowry.

Preston Woody's love for historical data to Urban Brown.

Loree Compton's conversations in the corridors to Delia Bishop.

Mary Wingo's discussions to Wilella Bryce.

Van Boyd's bashfulness to Morris Witten.

John Rieve's office of president to Marion Elliott.

Conway Alexander's interest in state books to Clint Plumlee.

Therylle Knox's affection to Ollie Neal.

Johnnie Lewis' designing of gowns to Vaida Squyers.

Joe Chandler's regard for Caesar to all Latin students.

Frances Fant's Irish wit to Hazel Lewis.

Louis Hartley's fame as a motorist to Rosewell Eubanks.

Willis Richards' ability to hurl "pens" to Royce Mitchell.

Clay Carter's skill in typewriting to commercial students.

Katie Lou Shaw's flirtations to Myrtle Crawford.

Elizabeth Kinder's dreaminess to Martha Pickens.

James Garrett's sagacity to Anson Brundage.

Pauline Curtis' physics to Mabel Jordan.

Mae Sandlin's baby ways to Marguerite Simmons.

Verda Guiles' modesty to Laurabel Riggin.

Ward De Wees' fondness for argument to Homer Patrick.

Blair Cherry's popularity with the girls to Lecil Lee.

Cornelia Hood's liveliness to Nora Wooldridge.

James Ferguson's letter writing to Robert Neal.

Bertha Kebelman's seriousness to Robbie Lou Alexander.

Lavinia Isbell's wise look to Gertrude Barber.

Claire Davenport's ability as a cartoonist to Tom Witten.

The place of our Porter sisters to Nell and Ruby Curry.

Fern Newton's basketball captaincy to Frances Harris.

Joe Witherspoon's love for talking to Homer Wright.

Elocile Matthew's journalistic work to Clint Plumlee.

Allen Edward's liking for the girls to Carl Donathan.

It is our will and we desire that all the above bequests be religiously carried out.

(Signed:)

Witnesses:

The Freshman Class.

The Sophomore Class.

CLASS OF 1920.

Weatherford High School.

Senior Class Prophecy

ONE DAY in the early spring, the Seniors planned a "sure enough, old-fashioned" picnic. They spent a whole week planning the good times, amusements and "eats". A committee found one of the coolest, most attractive places in all the country 'round for the picnic ground.

The afternoon before the eventful day, the boys made a trip to the ground to put up swings and arrange things just so. Everything was put in readiness—the time, the place and the girl.

Next morning dawned clear and just warm enough to make a picnic in the woods enjoyable. At the appointed hour—seven o'clock—Seniors of every description were on the steps, waiting and ready and for the first time during the year every Senior appeared (of course, they all appeared at classes, but this was what we call a social function), arrayed in picnic apparel. Two big trucks stood in front of the building, as well as a separate car to carry the lunch. Mr. and Mrs. Berry, the Hi's standbys, were there, too.

Many a morning's nap was disturbed as the jolly crowd rode through the quiet streets. Never had the Seniors been in such good spirits. They shouted, they sang, and shouted again. They were merry, ever to the point of being hilarious. Of course, no one knew what any one else was saying—but let me get on with my story.

As the trucks neared the grounds, smoke was seen coming over the little hills and a surprisingly strong odor of an early breakfast was in the air. The Seniors looked at each other in wonder. From the top of the hill they looked down and, to their astonishment, saw four gypsy vans. "Oh, a 'real honest-to-goodness' gypsy camp!" cried one girl enthusiastically.

You can guess what hapened next. The old Gypsy fortune-teller promised to tell every one's fortune. Wayne and Elizabeth held first place. They declared they were "just too excited to wait". The old woman took Wayne's hand and began solemnly: "Great happiness you will find for a time, but you will know much sorrow, too. You will, while very young, marry a pekid-looking young man with a black mustache, and he is not true to you." It took four cream cones, a box of chocolates and all of Allen's attention for the next hour to comfort Wayne and then there was a worried look in her eyes.

"Ah, you will be ze beautiful dancer little lady," addressing Elizabeth, "marvelous! no one shall surpass your gracefulness, you

have danced already some—yes?" (Who said that Elizabeth can't dance? None of the F. O. P.'s!)

Ruth Maisel was next to appear at the tent.

"You, too, will go on the stage, a dramatic genius—I see you starrng with ze big man—Chaplin", the old lady smiled and patted Ruth's hand.

"Go on in, John, don't be scared!" cried several voices as John Spratt sauntered around the tent. Finally, after much persuasion, they got him to enter.

"Oh! ze big man, he comes!" the Gypsy called out, as he stepped in front of the tent, "I see ze beautiful blue eyes and fair hair like an angel—she is the one for you—oh, but beware of brown eyes. She is not true to you. You be great man some day if you leave her alone!"

Frances and Johnnie simply fell over each other getting inside the tent. The Gypsy shook her head as she took Johnnie's hand and told her of a disappointed love affair resulting in a loveless, lonely life of a school teacher, taking Miss Jordan's place Hi. (Could you imagine Johnnie being disappointed in love?)

She told Frances of wide travels in store for her, and finally, of her return to take charge of the Domestic Economy Department at Fox Hi.

Blair approached the tent to be greeted with a shrill voice, "Ze ladies' man comes. Many time you will fall in that way which they call 'love', but beware of ze brown eyes and ze fair wig. She drain your pocketbook. Some day you'll be a great football man." (Isn't it strange she always says beware of brown eyes?)

Ward was induced to seek his fate within the magic tent. "You ees ze great man who writes history. Some day you will be noted for your work, and you ees a bachelor—no swish of skirts for you!"

"Ah, ze wee little girl wis ze blue eyes," exclaimed the Gypsy as Alice entered, "You will be de matron of a great house some day—and that house it will be your own."

Allen, who couldn't be quiet any longer, rushed in to hear his future. "For you, there ees many things. You will be ze great speaker—perhaps, maybe, a preach—I cannot tell—"

Verda and Mary made their way in next, where, being told almost the first thing, that they would be prime old maids, fled and refused to hear another word.

"Some day you will be ze great automobile man, make lots money—but," she shook her head sadly, "you will meet your fate

when one outomobile strikes you." This to Therylle, who drove home very cautiously.

Pauline next approached on the scene and was greeted with the unpleasant assurance that she would be head milliner in a small western establishment, but left contented when told she would wed a wealthy ranchman.

"Ah! ze wicked dice and ze blond woman with the crooked nose will be your ruin," cried the wrinkled-faced old Gypsy, as she surveyed Joe Chandler's face, "you must beware!"

Lula and Marguerite, the twins, were equally curious concerning their future: To Lula—"Ze wedding bells! Do you hear zem? Ah, and ze little cottage," and she shook her head smiling. To Marguerite—"And you, little Miss, you will be a nurse for ze soldiers in ze next war."

Van Boyd was afraid, I think, that some one would see him go in, but he went, just the same, and put out his hand to hear his fate. "Yes, she'll get you next leap year. She ees beautivul and she loves the way you dance. She will ask you to dance through life with her and you, poor nut, you say 'yes'. Ah, such ees de life."

Clayton scrambled in ahead of Bertha—not at all gentleman like. "The very good newspaper man. Some day you will work on the New York Herald. You ees not de good man for matrimony. Remeber, de pockets do jingle."

Bertha really did crowd in this time, and ask to be told her ill fortune as well as her good. "You will try to sing—do de opera stunt—but no good. You come home, invent a new kind of furniture polish and marry a dude of a society man. One of the mustache sort that wears ze white spats."

Morris Booles came in at this point. The fortune teller, looking over him, exclaimed, "You would make ze grand floor walker, but let us see. Ah, one of the ones of 'wine, women and song'," and she shook her head, "you will marry the pretty liddle dancer who will bankrupt you." Morris started to protest, but she laughed hideously and cried, "Et ees your fate."

Fern walked in to be greeted enthusiastically by the old woman. "You are ze tall, stately lady who will charm ze soldiers with ze fiddle—you—ze great artist with ze great heart—and love, he play ze great important part."

Alpheus was told that he would be a comedian of great note; Addie Myrtle learned that she would be a noted surgeon; and Collin a mender of old umbrellas and—hearts.

Ruth McNatt begged for details and the Gypsy continued: "You will be a great suffragist—a leader of many women, but some day ze man, he comes along and spoils your plan for he takes your heart away—"

To Preston: "Your fate is in ze costee in Mexico. You ze great Spanish interpreter will go down on ze border during war and you will meet ze lovely Spanish lady—"

Ruby came next, dear, serious-minded Ruby. "Ze slim fingers! ze way you punch ze keys, it win his heart, you no punch keys 'again'."

"And you, Joe (Witherspoon), will serenade some fair lady and with your voice win her heart and hand."

"K-Ka-Katy, ze only one zat he adores, you will live on a farm with the only boy in ze world to you."

John Rieves sauntered in next, looking exceedingly bored, but inwardly desiring to learn his fate. "You will be de great man who take ze pictures, which call heem? Photographer? And you will marry ze little girl whose father is one picture man, too."

Lavinia didn't tarry long. She thought things looked suspicious. She was afraid the Gypsy woman would tell her she was destined to be a spinster—one of the sour-faced kind—you know. (But we know she wouldn't, would she?)

Mac Rust met her and took her place at the Gypsy's feet "Ah! great things are before you, man—you will take ze place of ze great Meester De Wees in ze school and teach ze brats ze numbers. There ees a lettle girl, too, who ees very pretty—she ees destined for you."

Lucille headed the next line and went in. "You ees ze player of hearts, you ees mysteriously. I can see nothing but ze big brown eyes, everything ees far away."

Fred Bloom, next on roll. "I see you at ze military school—then I see you at home. You will be ze tailor or ze dentist. I kinna tell which and ze woman? Beware of ze tall blond woman with ze crooked nose."

Mae Sandlin appears. "You will travel veery far, maybe to China. You be veery happy—only ze man, I kenna see heem—he jumps."

Hughie and Claire insist on coming together. The old woman tells Claire he will be a man of letters, and Hughie that he will be

THE MELON VINE

a clerk with two candles and an empty coal box (like Scrooge's clerk, you remember).

To Cornelia: You are ze girls with ze heap high grades. Some day ze B. N. A.'s be a great society all over country. You will be ze president—beware of ze cards, they hold no good for you—

Loree arrives. "You ees ze school ma'm who will fall in love wid ze oil well—you will get heem, too."

When Clay comes in the old woman laughs almost hysterically: "Ze fair wigged fellow—wiz ze baby face—beware of ze serin's song, take no heed, lest you be ensnared."

To Maida: "Ah, a liddle girl of ze smiles and dimples. Happiness ees very generous with you if you will not heed the fair-haired boy who can send messages over wire. Content yourself with one who can only write zem."

Jim was peeved cause he was the last one, but sometimes the luckiest. "Flirtations, scandal! Ah, my boy, ze girl, she jilt you, ze girl with ze bright hair. Take ze one dark haired one!"

This finished the fates of the Seniors of the class of 1920.



LOW SENIOR CLASS

OFFICERS

LIGE PUTMAN, President.

PRUITT COGBURN, Vice President.

MARY RIEVES, Secretary and Treasurer.

MAJORIE ALTFATHER, Editor for Annual.

JOHN MITCHELL, Class Reporter.

MOTTO—"Still Achieving, Still pursuing."

FLOWERS—Red and White Roses.

COLORS—Red and White.

THE
MELON VINE



BURNETT



FAWKS



BROWN



ALTATHER



G. PUTMAN



TOWNSEND



L. PUTMAN



WALSTROM



BROWNING



HARRIS

THE
MELON VINE



BUNCH



PIPKIN



WHITSON



WOODARD



RIEVES



GRABLE



SQUIRES



SQUIRES



NEAL



PLUMLEE

THE
MELON VINE



VINCENT



MITCHELL



DAVIS



PATRICK



WOOLDRIDGE



DONATHAN



BLACKSTOCK



COGBURN



BOUNDS



SPARKS

THE
MELON VINE



JORDAN



BRICE



BAKER



WHITSON



SLOCUM



LEWIS



WARD



PICKENS



BLACKWELL



BARBER

Low Senior Editorial

IT IS indeed gratifying when we think what we, the Low Seniors, have achieved during the last three and one-half years! Our goal is the accomplishment of that work which is awaiting us in this great world. We are pushing steadily and, as we go along, are achieving those things which tend toward the making of great manhood and womanhood. It seems like a hard task, but if it can be seen that we are pushing earnestly and steadfastly, no rock that can possibly confront us will be too rugged; no obstacle too great. Our pushing and climbing, so far, has been easy, and the few rocks we have encountered in the ascent have not been difficult to surmount. But the time is fast approaching when each one of us must press forward alone. Oh! let us climb ever upward and onward, thinking of ourselves as nearing the mountain top of success. Our clear, glorious day of life lies before us—but to pursue hopefully is perhaps as great a thing as to achieve, for after all, the true success is to labor—not from fear, sloth or from shelter—these are the mere incidents: real labor means service, and service means love, and love is the highest and greatest thing in the world.

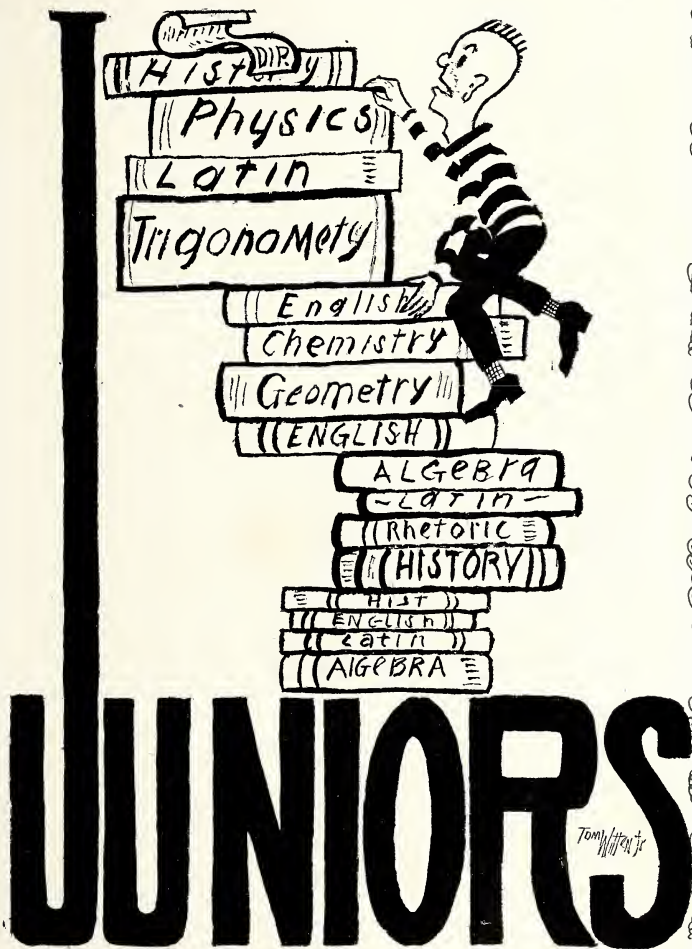
There are many reasons why we, the class of '21, chose the rose as our class flower. Its beauty, its richness and most of all, its universal symbol of love, appealed to us. We are in love with the past three and one-half years and all that it has meant to us; we are in love with the present and the honors it is holding out to us; and, more than all, we are in love with the future, because of its promises and wonderful mysteries.

In selecting the blend of red and white as our class colors, we had a two-fold purpose; First: to take as our life's emblem the colors sacred to us, because they are the representation of our inborn patriotism and loyalty; and second, to embody into the principles of our lives the virtues symbolized by these colors—the red, typifying blood, which signifies bravery and courage—both physical and mental; the white, symbolizing purity—cleanliness of action, word and thought.

We, the class of '21, in our further pursuit after those things that make life worth while, are determined to stand by our colors, thereby achieving for ourselves and for the world, lives of braver, purer and richer value through the blending of the red and the white.

THE
MELON VINE





HIGH JUNIORS

OFFICERS

MARION ELLIOTT, President.

JIM ASHCROFT, Secretary.

ANGIE WALDROM, Treasurer.

HENRI NELL WILLIAMS, Class Reporter.

CONRAD RUSSELL, Class Editor.

FLOWER—Violet.

COLORS—Green and Violet.

MOTTO—"Adelante Siempre Adlente" (meaning "Forward,
Always Forward.")

THE MELON VINE



THE MELON VINE



GRIMES



NEWMAN



MCNELLY



McFARLAND



PIHEL



PINES



KNOX



JORDAN



SAMMONS



PATRICK



CRAWFORD



NELSON



COBBURN



NEAL



THOMAS



DAVIS



ASHCROFT



THE MELON VINE



WILLIAMS



WIMBOLT



WILBURN



WIGGINS



WOLFENBURGER



WOLFE



WOLFE



WOLFE



WOLFE



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WOLFE



WOLFE



WOLFE



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WOLFE



WOLFE



WOLFE



WOLFE

Class of '21

HURRAH for the Seniors of 1921! We are not far from the goal! Many long hours we have toiled and crammed for our tests; many a time we have got on the nerves of our "folks" by trying to make our memories work on our "memory work". At last success is in sight; at last we are to be the "somebodies!" After another year of toil,—Oh! Detectable delight! Another year of misery and we will get our diplomas—if we don't flunk—and we are determined not to do that.

We notice silver threads among the gold are appearing on account of the great burden we have been to our teachers, but we are going to make a recompense by making them proud of us in the year of 1921.

Some of our rivals criticized us for choosing green as our class color because it is too often associated with ignorance; but we feel that it needs no apology. The green has, from the very beginning of color analysis, stood as the symbol of freshness and youth. How welcome is the green in the spring, after the weary passing of the winter. We are just peeping our heads out into the world and we feel the approach of life's springtime; we heard the call of awakening life, and we, fresh from our shelters, go out into the world, carrying within ourselves the message of fresh faces, fresh hearts and fresh ideas into the old affairs of active life, that must often feel the need of the rejuvenation of young blood, and the inspiration of fresh, eager talents.

Since it is the nature of our class to conceal ourselves, our knowledge and our attainment, we chose as our flower, the violet, symbolical of timidity and modesty. We have many virtues of which we might speak, but we do not boast. You will remember how it is early in the spring, before many other flowers are brave enough to venture forth, that the little violet pushes forth into the atmosphere of a new year. This is the spirit of our class; brave, but modest.

We are determined to carry out our motto, "Adelante Siempre Adleante", never to give up, never to turn backward, but to press forward and at last accomplish the goal of success. We intend to make the year of 1921 so remarkable that people will forever remember "The Class of '21".

LOW JUNIOR CLASS

OFFICERS

HUBERT JONES, President.

BEN HENRY ERWIN, Secretary and Treasurer.

BONNIE ELLIOTT, Class Editor.

CLASS COLORS—Green and White.

CLASS FLOWER—White Carnation.

CLASS MOTTO—"Labou Omnia Vincit" (meaning
"Work Wins Everything")

CLASS ROLL

Nellie Bean

Martha Bradfish

Minna Fleming

Virginia Miller

Louie Myers

Lomona Thorp

Katherine Fulgham

Bonnie Elliott

Thelma Hayden

John Hudson

Doxie Holden

Frances Kimbrough

Wayne Jones

Campbell Walker

Ben Henry Erwin

Blanche Venable

Hazel Newton

Hubert Jones

Thelman Lovelady

Maggie Sentell

Sidney Haas

Toulman Hensley

Mildred Taylor

Hallie Strain

Trickey Ward

Josephine Tucker

Annie Mae Freeman

Norman Hines

Walter Giles

Dorothy Jackson



Low Junior Class

Low Junior Class History

THREE years ago we entered the memorable High School. We had long waited for such an event (for it was considered an event in one's life to enter W. H. S.), but as the time grew near we dreaded the day we were to start. In spite of this dread and fear, however, how very important we felt! But dear, reader, if you have ever been a Freshman, you realize how soon that air of importance and dignity fell after several months of abode in the renowned assembly hall.

In due time we became Sophomores. Our fears vanished; we found favor in every one's eyes (so we thought; you see, that old air of importance was again assumed). In fact, we were Sophomores in every sense of the word.

Then we became Juniors! Life at times had a very bright hue, especially when we were out of school and attending parties, which were now no uncommon occurrences in our class. At other times, examinations being no exception to the rule, this bright hue was changed into a very grey one and we hardly verified the statement that, "Every cloud has a silver lining."

The time shall soon come when we shall be Seniors. Let it come! We are not afraid! We are striving, as Juniors, to prepare ourselves for the work which is to come in our senior year.





FRONT VIEW OF HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

THE
MELON VINE



SOPH

SOPHOMORES

OFFICERS

LECISTER DAVENPORT, President.

HARRY SPRATT, Vice President.

HARRIETT RIEVES, Secretary.

THEODORE CORCANGES, Melon Vine Editor.

MORTIS WHITSETT, Grass Burr Reporter.

MOTTO—"Be Square." B²

COLORS—Pearl Gray and Old Rose.

FLOWER—American Beauty.

Sophomore Editorial

IT WAS early in the fall of the year that our mothers took us by the hand and led us to the little ward school, where we began our school life. We were extremely frightened at first but later on it seemed that the teacher's deep voice welcomed us into her fold.

Just as our parents one after another were given a list of books and other necessities to carry them through the coming year, so we were given ours. Each new year these lists ever changed and we took up new work for the coming days. Day after day, week after week, month after month, until seven rounds of the ladder of learning had been climbed. Now we were on the first plane of the ladder of learning. We paused; hating to leave the old familiar rooms behind. But as we gazed into the distance we saw a new field of learning. We felt glad to go, for our whole class was going to W. H. S.

We were at W. H. S. only a short time before we realized that we were "fresh" indeed. We found what Algebra, History, English, Science and other optional studies were.

We also learned that school meant war, and war meant ———. We learned not to laugh or talk, by that reprimand, "Boys, Don't Talk". We were frightened by this at first, but we, as all others that preceded us, outgrew it.

This year we are "Sophomores". We have big ideas as to what we will do when we are Seniors, but we have learned that we will have to work, and that experience is the best teacher of knowledge.

Now we are on the ninth round of the ladder of learning. What are we to do? Benjamin Franklin says, "Those who live on hopes, will die fasting". The way in which we fulfill the common daily tasks builds the character, which we will carry down with us forever.

We will find, if we have not already done so, that eternal hammering is the price of success.

Class Roll

Don Martin
 Arthur Buchanan
 Melvin Mooty
 Lester Davenport
 Herbert Ward
 Freddie Partin
 Mary Byron
 Fannie Dillard
 Gertrude Hardigree
 Reedy Long
 Mary Lou Carrol
 Emily Lee
 Kathleen Ingram
 Audna Besse
 Winnie Dill
 Pearl Pharo
 Wendell Pickens
 Opal Stuart
 Hazle Patrick
 Willie Piester
 Louise Armstrong
 Fannie Davis
 Bertha Gracy
 Mary Sue Moseley
 Frankie Rawlins
 Eva Tucker
 Marguerite Pipkin
 Harry Spratt
 Harold Penland
 Ethel Hill

Estel Cage
 Vera Gilbert
 Jewell Hart
 Annie Hand
 Oneal Dendy
 Robt. Camp
 Pauline Fox
 Jimmie Taylor
 Bill Viverett
 Bertha Keaton
 Edna Claunch
 Ruth Endacott
 Ruth Witherspoon
 Lyndall Riddle
 Climie Dendy
 Harrett Reives
 Yettie Johnson
 Roy Johnson
 Myrtle Etier
 Laura Beckner
 Irvin Frost
 Theodore Corcanges
 Bill Whitson
 Stella Mae Williams
 Mortis Whitsett
 Jack Hill
 Sarah Martin
 Bettie Martin
 Berta Fay Smith
 Nona Clark

Edna Mae Hall
 Anson Brundage
 Lela Puryear

THE
MELON VINE

Sophomore Class



THE
MELON VINE

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FRESHMEN

OFFICERS

BILL CLARK, President.

JOSEPHINE HARRIS, Secretary and Treasurer.

LESLIE PAUL, Sergeant-at-Arms.

LOYD COLCLAZIER, Sergeant-at-Arms.

COLORS—Black and Gold.

MOTTO—"Green but Growing."

Class Roll

Thomas M. Parsons
Graham McEachin
Raymond Pierce
Howard Potter
Merle Rains
Wesley Rains
Loyd Rice
Lois Barker
Minnie Ray Bachman
Louie Buckley
Avie Besse
Ernestine Cupp
Thelma Brock
Louise Baker
Beulah O'Kelley
Don Malarkey
Louise Milburn
Claudia Luke
Fay Kirkpatrick
Ellen Lewis
Ned Kimbrough
Jane Yarbrough
Rosa Pearson
Bessie Wood
Mary Ruth Woodard

Loyd Colclazier
Cecil Lee Rust
Adrian Tooley
Don Swofford
Katie Miller
Gertrude Gallaway
Josephine Harris
Frederic Hartley
Elbert Helm
Viola Jones
Edith Jordon
Avabel Key
Ina Miller
Hubert Gibson
Robert Campbell
Raymond Carrol
Blanche Davis
Ruby Cook
Bernardine Crawford
Roland Braselton
Leslie Paul
Bill Clark
Helen Massey
Mary Lues Shadle
Annie Booker

FRESHMAN CLASS





FRESHMAN CLASS—Continued

Green But Growing

IN THE year 1920, the Freshmen of Weatherford High School are a bright bunch of boys and girls. They try to make the whole school a bright and smiling school. Of course, there are times when it takes more than a crowd of Freshmen to cheer up the school when she gets an unpleasant look on her face, but the Freshmen do their best to brighten her up at all times.

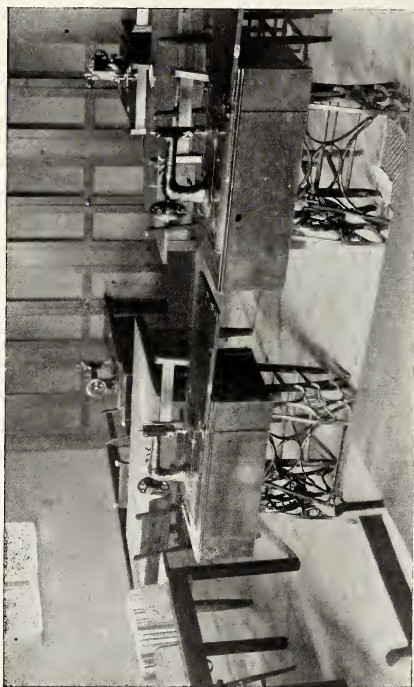
All of the Freshmen hope to be Seniors some day, but some rivalry goes on between them, as it will among all human people, however, when it comes to helping the school or standing behind everything the school attempts, the Freshmen are right there. When the school runs up against some problem, the Freshmen do not sit down in their seats and say, "Let somebody else larger than us do that," but they get right in the fight and help old Weatherford High scale the top.

Sometimes a Senior or a Junior will look down upon a Freshman, but there is no reason whatever for that, because they were Freshmen once, and it sure will not hurt anyone to be a Freshman, in fact, you can't get through school without being one.

Then, as a class, the Freshmen say, "Let's be a larger and better class of men and women, and keep our side of the work as bright as possible."

FRESHMAN EDITOR.





DOMESTIC ART ROOM

THE
MELON VINE

LITERARY DEPARTMENT



1920

The Senior's Progress

'Twas in '16 sweet, sweet '16
That we entered W. H. S.
And then we were green, so very green,
Though we did our level best.

We were Sophs in '17.
Far above the Freshman's sky,
And now not so green, so very green,
At least in our mind's eye.

In '18 we were Juniors,
Just one more year to go.
Ah! How we envied the Seniors,
And longed for the knowledge of Cicero.

Now the term of '19 is here
Seniors we are at last;
But old W. H. S. becomes so dear
The weeks are passing all too fast.

We've studied our four years through
That we might be Seniors high;
Yet old W. H. S. we cannot leave you
Without a heart-felt sigh.

In you for four long happy years
We've found our hopes, our fears, our joys;
But now with loving thoughts and tears
We must leave you to other girls and boys.

Senior Class Song

Air—"Let the Rest of the World Go By."

Will the struggle and strife
We'll find in this life
Be really worth while after all?
I've been wishing today
We could stay near always
Our dear old Honor Hall.

Is the future to hold
Just struggles for gold
While the things worth while are lost?
Oh let us hold fast
To the joys that will last
And ever count the cost.

Chorus

With classmates like you,
And pals good and true
I'd like to live for aye
And never go away
From this good place
And each dear face
Full of beauty, truth and grace.
We could find perfect peace
And joys would never cease
Right here beneath this kindly sky—
Let's build a sweet little home
For our class alone
And let the rest of the world go by.

Melon Vine Editorial

THIS IS the third volume of the year book, known as the Melon Vine, published by the Weatherford High School. When we attempted the publication of this book we saw that we had undertaken a work of magnitude, an undertaking which would take hours and days, even weeks of work; planning each department, working out each detail, and many other things. Then last, and most important of all, after the details had been planned and arranged, the material and pictures had to be carefully prepared. This is a work which has been made possible by the aid of the students and teachers. We have tried in every way possible to publish a book of which, not only the school, but the patrons and business men, would be proud.

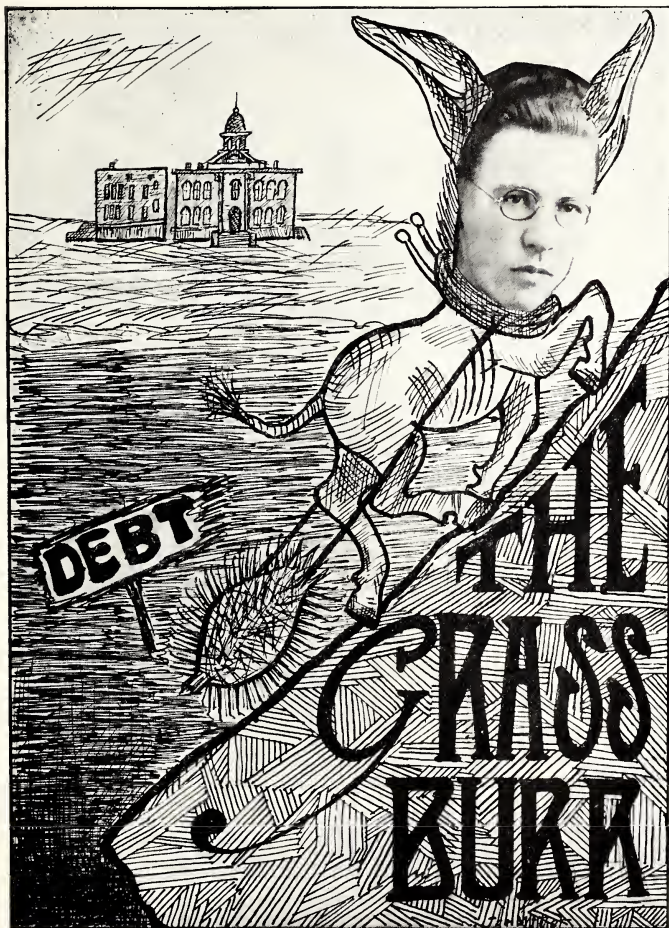
We do not mean to boast, indeed, we don't say it in that sense at all, nor try to belittle the work of former students, but this year we have tried to put before the people a larger and more complete book than any class before us has published. For should we not progress each year?

In conclusion we wish to thank the students, the business men, and all others who have helped us in the work. We sincerely hope that the future classes of W. H. S. will put out annuals which are far superior in both size and quality to this, as a proof that our dear old school is moving forward with the rapid strides of America's progress.

Sincerely,

THE STAFF.





Grass Burr Review

AT THE BEGINNING of the school year the Senior class decided to publish a semi-monthly paper. The main reasons were: to create a new interest in school; to keep up the interest after it had been created; to build up the standard of the school, for all high schools of any size publish some kind of paper or magazine; to let the people of Weatherford, the parents as well as the business men, know that the students are trying to do something, trying to accomplish more than they have any previous year; and last, to try to obtain some knowledge of literary work along that line.

The paper has been successful, due to the earnest efforts of the Staff supported by the faculty and the student body. Many prophesied that the Grass Burr would fail financially, if not otherwise, but we wish to inform those prophets that it has made its way quite well. We believe it has paid fairly well. It has been worth every effort put into it.

In the publishing of the paper we have tried to give an impartial view of our games, etc. We may not have been entirely so, for, naturally, we wished the boost our own teams and school.

A few personal items have gone by which have proved to be too personal or perhaps just a little too frank. We regret this and we suggest that next year the principal or some other member of the faculty be chosen as a faculty adviser or sort of critic for the paper.

This past year the departments of the paper have not been thoroughly organized and too much work fell on just a few. The responsibility fell on only a few, rather than on the entire staff. Our staff consisted of only twelve of our most earnest, enthusiastic workers, while in many schools the staff consists of three or four times as many.

As this was our first experience in this line of work, we have made a number of mistakes. We believe that the Editor-in-Chief, Lige Putman, and Business Manager, Marion Elliott, will profit by experiences and mistakes and publish a much more complete paper than we have done.

Here's to the Grass Burr of 1920-21!

Grass Burr Staff

JOHN SPRATT, Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager.

LUCILLE MATTHEWS, Assistant Editor.

HOMER WRIGHT, Assistant Advertising Manager.

BILL CLARK, Assistant Advertising Manager.

CLAYTON ORN, Circulation Agent.

ALPHEUS GARRETT, Sport Reporter.

MARION ELLIOTT, Congress Reporter.

WARD DeWEES, Senior Reporter.

JOHN MITCHELL, Low Senior Reporter.

HENRI NELL WILLIAMS, High Junior Reporter.

MARY LUES SHADLE, Freshman Reporter.

THE GRASS BURR

VOL. 1

WEATHERFORD, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1920

NO. 10

SENIOR NUMBER

BOOST FOR A NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

Local Team Wins First
Game of Season's Schedule

DEBATING TEAM IS
SELECTED

GOOD WORK IS EXPECTED



High School Takes First Place in Class A Events

Knox P.

THE HONOR ROLL

A Triumphant for the Normal

Girls Literary Society Named

County Track

Weatherford High School Defeats Wells

College and Mineral Wells

Buy a Melon Vine Ticket

Baseball Boys Organize

Another Wedding

Good for you, freshmen!

They are indeed a jolly crowd

Time attending were:

Four Women

No body can

My love, I think

Girls' Courton

After careful consideration

Local Literary

When I think

My love, I think

A Wine Thought

My love, I think

My love, I think

My love, I think

My love, I think

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MATHEWS



WRIGHT



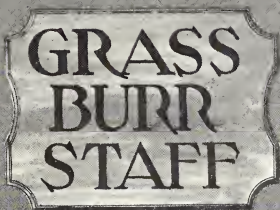
CLARK



ORN



GARRETT



ELLIOTT



MITCHELL



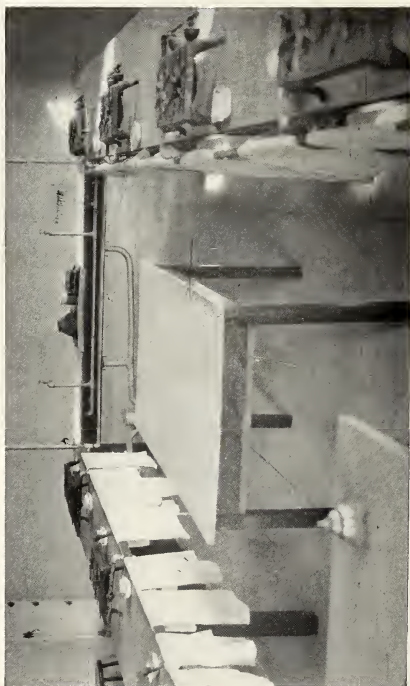
WILLIAMS



SHADDLE



DE WEES



DOMESTIC SCIENCE ROOM

THE MELON VINE



*Spratt "Editor
-in-
Chief"*



*Mathews
Asst Editor*



Pieres "Manager"



*Putman
Asst Manager*

THE MELON VINE



M. WITTEN



T. WITTEN



A. L. FATHER



ELLIOTT



HOOD

MELON VINE STAFF



MATHEWS



CLARK



SPRATT



RIEVES



PUTMAN



NEWTON



RUSSELL



CORCANGES



ALEXANDER



GARRETT

Members of The Melon Vine Staff

Just Who They Are

AS WE LOOK over the pages of the 1919-20 Melon Vine, we naturally wonder just who is behind it all. An article or an editorial oftentimes portrays the character of the author. So it is with this 1919-20 year book. Taking the members of the Melon Vine staff as a number of students, we find them willing, energetic, far-seeing, who have not only done much toward putting out this annual, but who have divided their time between it and other equally important activities in the school. Although theirs has not been the easiest time imaginable, it has been a very happy time, full of suggestions, plans, work and hopes.

IN JOHN SPRATT, commonly known as Kid Spratt, we found a conscientious, enthusiastic Editor-in-Chief, who, in spite of his many duties, always found time to boost every other plan or activity that would, in any way, help his school. He is a great Believer in school spirit—lots o' pep, he calls it. To try to say just what he has been to W. H. S. these last two years would almost exhaust our vocabularies. 'Tis better to say that he has done his bit.

In the fall of 1918 there entered the halls of W. H. S. a small brown-eyed girl, not one of the loud type, but a quiet, sympathetic girl who has since won numbers of friends. During the term of 1919-20 she has proved an invaluable aid to the school by taking an active part in its organizations, its paper, and last, her great help as the Assistant Editor-in-Chief of this Year Book. Her ability and love for literary work have been welcomed. Let us further say that when W. H. S. loses her, it will be hard to find another like her. To most people she is known as **Lucille Matthews**, but to the Staff she is "Bob".

JOHN RIEVES, Business Manager (and lately photographer), proved to be "powerfully" active when it came to catching the T. & P. for Ft. Worth to consult Southwestern Engraving Co., espec-

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ially on Friday afternoons. Indeed he has carried the financial side of the Melon Vine very successfully.

LICE PUTMAN, one of the most efficient members of the Melon Vine Staff, serving as Assistant Business Manager, was chosen Editor-in-Chief for the 1920-21 Grass Burr, which, in itself, shows just what the students think of his ability.

Just glance over the book and note **MORRIS** and **TOM WITTEN'S** work. They are indeed artists, for do they not portray the human side of life? They truly see the happy and humorous side as is shown by their cartoons.

CONWAY ALEXANDER shows her love of society by writing up the social affairs. What would school life be without a little play mixed in?

FERN NEWTON and **ALPHEUS GARRETT**, both exceedingly interested in sports, proved to be faithful athletic editors. We owe our thanks to them for the pages devoted to Athletics.

CORNELIA HOOD—Senior Class Editor

MAJORIE ALTFATHER—Low Senior Class Editor

CONRAD RUSSELL—High Junior Editor

BONNIE ELLIOTT—Low Junior Editor.

THEODORE CORCANGES—Sophomore Editor

BILL CLARK—Freshman Editor.

Each of the above have contributed greatly to the success of the Annual. Each Editor has performed his duties in a most satisfactory manner.

We have been fortunate in securing a staff that has proved its worth as this one has done.

Aprons and Overalls

ALL WAS EXCITEMENT at the Girls' Dormitory the week before the mid-term dance, for this was the one occasion when Freshmen and Sophomores mingled with Juniors and Seniors. It was an occasion when out-siders came in—another attraction.

Girls were running from one room to another discussing little matters of dress—big matters to them—and everything being equally as important. Now and then you might have found a room that was quiet and where its occupant was deeply engrossed in a book or her own thoughts. Often times it was thoughts, gradually drifting into dreams, as is the way of girls' thoughts. In one of the best furnished rooms in the South Hall—the Hall spelled with a capital H—a number of girls had gathered to discuss the coming event—and to await the afternoon's mail, for what would a dance be without the right fellow along?

"Going, Betts? Oh, of course you are tho'", said Jennie Bee, a rather pretty girl at the window seat.

"Not unless Jimmie comes, old dear," answered Betty, languidly.

"Oh why? You know there are plenty o' boys dying to go with you, and I can't see how Jimmie is so wonderful," spoke up another girl, who secretly envied Betty's popularity.

"You don't know Jimmie; he's different," answered Betty.

Mary Bell and Ruth looked at each other and smiled knowingly.

"It's just that she can't make a fool of him," whispered Ruth.

"Oh why be so particular, Betts?" asked Mary Bell. "Why won't you go?"

"For the simple reason I don't care to go," answered Betty, raising her eyebrows to that height that her chums knew meant finality.

At times the girls declared she was unreasonably queer, altho' she had always been considered a whole-hearted sport, full of school spirit and encouragement for the whole crowd, of which she was its queen. Even in her Freshman years, she had gained recognition in all circles and had even been asked to join some of the clubs, a hope a Freshman always has. In her second year she had the honor, as the girls expressed it, of claiming as an ardent admirer the Senior hero. Not one serious thought had she for this young athlete, but he, to quote his fellows, was "hard hit". So it had been with them

all. Betty, light-hearted, joyous Betty, had danced through three and a half years of her last four years of school life, always with the nicest, jolliest, most eligible boy in school.

But now it was whispered among her friends that at last Betty was quieting down. Betty was in love. Though none of the girls had seen the wonderful Jimmie, each had pictured him a dashing young knight.

Let us look in the other end of the hall and see the contrast. The room was modestly, yet tastefully, furnished, giving an unmistakable impression of "home". Many of the furnishing had that little home-made touch that made it all the dearer to the owner's heart. At the window sat a small girl in a deep arm chair with a copy of Milton. Her eyes weren't on the pages, but on the sunset, whose splendor tinted the whole sky. The other girl sat at the dressing table working with a bit of ribbon that had been the girdle of a soft evening dress. Occasionally she glanced into the mirror and frowned.

"Jean, won't you please fix this ribbon for me? I just can't get it right." and she jerked the ribbon from the dress angrily.

Jean, the girl at the window, rose, put down her book and took up the dress.

"Suppose we do it like this—— Or how do you like it this way?" she asked, placing the ribbon on the dress.

"Oh, just any way. I just know my hair is going to look fierce tonight. I can't do a thing with it and some of the boys from the university are coming over. Oh, I see myself making a hit!" She finished in disgust.

"Suppose you let me arrange it, Mable," Jean suggested.

After much brushing, pulling and patting the short black hair, she asked:

"How's that? And say, Mable, don't you think—don't you think your eyebrows are just a trifle too——?"

"Jean, you poor old maid," interrupted Mable, "don't you know you'll never get any where. I'll tell you, honey, let me fix you up and you come to the dance. Come on, kiddo!"

"No, thanks. I have some reading to do. I couldn't go, really," and Jean retired to the window.

Just then the door burst open and a crowd of girls rushed in.

"What you gonna wear?"

"Where's Jean?"

"Who fixed your hair?"

"Your dress is just darling." Every one spoke at once, for every girl was enthusiastic to the hysterical point. There were plain girls and pretty girls, big girls and little girls, but apparently girls of one class.

"I've been trying to get Jean to go to the dance. She can read Milton tomorrow," Mable told the girls when the excitement sub-

sided. "She says she hasn't anything to wear to a Mid-Term dance."

"Wear one of Mable's," cried one girl.

"Do, Jean!"

"Yes, come on, Jean. Some university boys are coming and with all your knowledge you might land one," chimed another, grabbing Jean and dancing around the room with her.

"Do, they're too deep for us!"

But Jean laughed and thanked them all, but said she wouldn't go—not tonight. When they were gone, she went to her book, but some way, she couldn't keep her mind on it. Suddenly she wondered if she were growing old, getting so she didn't care for young people's company. She had never thought of it this way before. Did men want girls who knew how to dress and girls who danced and talked small talk with ease? She wondered how one of Mable's evening dresses would look on her—the one with the silver lace, or the pale blue, with tiny ruffles. With trembling fingers, she switched on the light in the adjoining room and found the long-dreamed-of pale blue, for we must admit Jean had dreamed many times of pale blues, for she was but human, with a girl's love of soft, lacy things. Again with trembling fingers, she hooked up the dress and surveyed herself in the mirror. Just a little long, not really bad, on her. She came closer.

"Why, I'm so different looking—I'm almost pretty," and then she blushed and called herself names and took off the dress quickly—and yawned.

As she sat at the little ivory-colored dressing table, brushing her long fair hair, she began to dream:

"Wouldn't it be nice if there was a balcony with roses, and stars—and a moon, of course," and then Jean hid her face and whispered "—and HE would be down there on the grass playing a guitar and singing, 'Come, live with me in a Rose Garden, dear.' Oh, listen to me, I'm getting sentimental." And she went to her book; but, in spite of all effort to concentrate, "roses"—"balcony"—"stars"—"song", floated through her mind.

* * * * *

"Oh!" A stifled scream.

"Is it you?"

"Who else were you expecting?" Jean asked in a low tone.

"O just any one!" replied a particularly nice voice.

"Not very complimentary," she said icily.

"Oh, are you accustomed to them too? The compliments, I mean?"

"Why, no, not 'specially," answered the girl and after a moment continued, "in fact, I'm not used to them at all. I never had any paid me and was just wondering"

"Well, I AM relieved . . . it's just what I've been running from you, see?" he told her confidentially.

"Running from compliments? Well you are conceited," cried Jean.

"No, goosie, from girls. Say, let's sit down, here's a seat and we might as well, you know."

"Yes, I 'spose we might," she answered indifferently.

He sat breathing heavily, but suddenly glanced at her with keen interest in his eyes.

"Say, funny I didn't see you in there. Been sitting out?" he tried to ask indifferently, but failed completely. Where they were sitting the light fell full on Jean's face, but his was in the shadow. They were playing a waltz—one of those dreamy ones that make one think of apple blossoms and moonlight—and dreams. It was in the air, the spirit of youth, laughter and song floated out to them from the brightly lighted hall.

"Say, your hair—is it real?"

"Of course, silly," she laughed. That's just how young they were.

"I never saw any like it before, you see, so I just wondered. Why, it's—it must be pure gold," he finished lamely.

She laughed and closed her eyes and dreamed. In a little while she would wake up and instead of Mable's pale blue, dancing frock she would be in her own faded blue kimona that Cousin Jane sent Xmas before last. But why think of unpleasant Aunt Jane now? She was happy.

"You know I like you, Miss—oh, hang it, I won't call you Miss. Won't you please tell me your name?" he exclaimed boyishly.

"It's Jean—Jean Blake," she answered.

Mine's Jimmie. Won't you call me that, Jean?"

And the moon beamed down and they were happy—those two.

Later in her own room, while she brushed her hair, "Is it real?" flashed through her mind. She wondered what he looked like. She liked his voice and his name was Jimmie. Jimmie and Jean. And she thrilled and was happy.

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"Open it quick, Jean," cried Mable, as she rushed into the room with a box addressed in a boyish hand to Miss Jean Blake. Apparently Jean was not nearly so excited as Mable. By this time girls across the hall had heard Mable's high tones and rushed in. Slowly, with beating heart, Jean opened the box.

"Rose buds!" exclaimed one girl.

"Oh, you sly girl!"

But Jean only said, "Oh," and tears came in her eyes. She saw the card first and tucked it into her dress before the others saw it. She lifted the tiny pink tea roses to her face—and smiled. Again she was happy.

"Who is he, Jean? Do tell us."

"I'm sure I don't know, only his name is Jimmie," she answered, smiling to herself. She wouldn't tell them of the meeting.

"But Jimmie who?" they cried in chorus, "There are dozens of Jimmies; in fact, it's a very common name."

And they begged and threatened before Jean could make them believe she really didn't know.

"Well, ain't that the limit," said one tall girl, especially noted for her slang. But Jean had slipped away to read his message:

Dear Jean:

Won't you please, please come to the Aprons and Overalls dance with me next Friday night? I know you'll go. I'm coming for you.

Yours,

JIMMIE.

Jean stood, leaning her head against the window and pinched herself to see if it were really true. No, she wouldn't go. Why, she'd never really met him. She didn't even know his name and besides there was an examination to study for. No she wouldn't go. Aprons and Overalls!

"You know I like you," he had said. "Well, why not?" she thought, and counted the hours until Friday night.

Jean never forgot that Friday night, for from it she got ideas that made her one of the most popular girls in school. She often wondered why Jimmie cared for her, "if he really does," she always added, for to her Jimmie was all that a knight should be. He was gentle, kind, straightforward—not at all like other boys she knew. Every day he grew dearer to her, not in the silly, sentimental sort of way, but in a friendly way. It had never occurred to Jean to try to find out Jimmie's name. She had been with him only a few times and always there seemed to be so many other things to say. His notes were always signed with just "Jimmie" and that was the way she thought of him.

The last few weeks had been very full. There were examinations and everything that takes up time, and too, she had been working on her play. Now it was finished and her hopes were high. Unlike many of the girls, she had never mentioned it to any one. She hugged her secret close and awaited the decision.

One day she received a note from the hall (notes seldom came from there to Jean!). It read:

"Come in to our mid-night supper tonight. We assemble at 10 o'clock. We shall expect you."

"JENNIE B. AND BETTY."

Now it happened that Betty and Jean had come from the same town, hence the invitation. While Jean had gone to public schools, Betty had had a governess, but Jean didn't mind that. She was happy in her own way and seriously doubted Betty's happiness. At first she debated accepting and then thought, "Why shouldn't I go? Am I not as good as she is? I might as well meet some of her friends, too." And, girl-like, she began thinking of what she would wear.

Ten o'clock found her timidly knocking on Betty's door to be greeted by a spooky figure who opened the door for her. The lights had gone off at 9:45, but the girls had provided candles and Betty's pretty candle sticks made it quite picturesque. Jean hardly knew there were so many girls in school. There was a continuous stream coming into the room. She didn't know where they were all going to stand for there wasn't room to sit. But Jean had forgotten that Jennie B's. and Betty's rooms were almost the largest in the dormitory. And such a party as it was. Every one was in the best of spirits. Promptly at twelve the refreshments were served and in the midst of the merry-making Betty jumped up on a table in the center of the room and began in a mocking tone: "My deahs, you remember some time ago some of this same crowd was heah and a number of you wagered that Jimmie wouldn't propose to me within a month. I accepted the challenge and here I am!" And she held up her slim, white hand where gleamed a stone that none had seen there before. The girls jumped up, eager to see it and she held out her hand daintily.

"Take a look, girls, you may never see another like it. It's the real thing, you know!" and she laughed merrily, almost mockingly.

"Jimmie who?" Jean asked the girl who sat next to her. Her heart was beating fast. "Could it be my Jimmie?" she thought, and then wondered why she had thought MY Jimmie. He had been nothing save a friend to her.

"Oh, James Handcock, one of the University boys; SOME boy, too. Only one Betty ever thought twice about," the girl answered carelessly with her eyes on Betty, who still stood on the table laughing and talking with the girls. Jean hardly knew what happened after that. She didn't remember how she got away, but when she got out into the hall she ran madly to her own room.

"Why, you little goosie, there's more than one Jimmie in that University, and anyway, what is Jimmie to you?" she cried to herself angrily. But in spite of herself, she thought of the girl's words, "He's SOME catch. Any girl in school would be tickled to death to even know him. He's the most talked of boy in the University." And Jean knew in her heart that it was the same Jimmie. This other girl, the girl who had always had everything, now had Jimmie. It was a wakeful night for Jean. Dozens of times she reasoned with herself that she didn't care.

"Is it real?" and "Say, I like you" flashed before her and she heard his voice again and again.

Morning found Jean with dark circles around her eyes. When Mable came up from breakfast—Jean wouldn't eat any—and told her there was a letter in her box, Jean went down with no enthusiasm and found a brief note informing her that her play had been chosen as the class play and to call at the office of the Dramatic club that afternoon. Even this did not help Jean, and then it came to her

suddenly, she mustn't let anyone know, and, least of all, Jimmie himself, for she was still confident it was Jimmie—he admired a sport. She'd be a sport!

It was Saturday and spring. Why not be happy? She would be in spite of it and she laughed to herself.

"Miss Blake—telephone," called a voice as she started upstairs.

"Jean?"

"Yes."

"My Jean?"

"This is Jean Blake."

"Well, you **are** my Jean, aren't you?"

"Please don't talk nonsense Mr.—" She was at a loss, it would sound foolish to say Mr. Jimmie, and she didn't know his other name, and she **wouldn't** say Jimmie. So she hung up the receiver. But Jimmie wasn't so easily put off. He called again and she answered.

"Jean, won't you please come out this afternoon? It's Spring you know."

"Really, I can't."

"Don't you want to?"

"N——. Yes."

"Then at two, Jean," and he was gone.

She would make him sorry. She would fool him. And she sat about planning. When he came she was looking her prettiest. Never had her eyes been so blue; never her hair so gold; never was her face so winsome, nor had she been so altogether desirable.

They were well out of the city before she spoke. It was enough to be there. They didn't need to speak.

"Jimmie, does your name happen to be Handcock?" she asked, oh, ever so evenly.

"Well, how did you guess Jeanie?" he asked in answer.

So it was true. Her Jimmie—and he had just played. He hadn't meant it. But she must be a sport. So she just laughed.

"Oh, I'm a good guesser," but she could think of nothing else to say, and they rode on.

The air was full of Spring. There were apple blossoms and birds and the blue sky, but Jean didn't see them. Miles and miles they rode and finally stopped under some great trees.

"Hungry, Jean?" he asked lightly, but there was something deeper under that tone.

Jean guessed she was; she hadn't thought of it before. Her plan was working miserably. Why, she wasn't making him sorry at all. She didn't know how. They ate almost in silence.

"Jean, you **do** care, don't you? I mean you will when we get older, won't you?" His boyishness made her happy again, but she only smiled and was happy.

When she returned she thought of her summons to the office

of the Dramatic club and went straight to the door. Before she could knock it was opened by Mr. Carroll himself.

"Ah, Miss Blake, I am indeed glad to congratulate you! Won't you sit down? We have been watching your work for some time and you haven't disappointed us."

Jean felt better already. She wondered why she hadn't been happier this morning.

"We want to ask you, Miss Blake—we have decided that you are the one to play the leading part in your play. Will you do it?"

She, Jean Blake, who had never done anything but sing at High school entertainments and jig at the Missionary minstrel, was asked to take the leading part in a college play. She forgot Mr. Carroll and childishly pinched herself until it hurt, but only thought,

"APRONS AND OVERALLS"

will be presented at the college auditorium

featuring

Miss Jean Blake.

And such notices as—

—See—

"APRONS AND OVERALLS"

Annual College Play

—by—

Miss Jean Blake.

—and then she smiled and was happy.

* * * * *

"She has talent. I told you so!" cried Mr. Carroll, who always got enthusiastic. "She's a wonder—that voice and the way she acts!"

"Now, watch her," exclaimed his companion. "She has the music in her feet, she——" but Jimmie waited to hear no more, but rushed out and started for the stage door. When Jean came off she evaded him. He noticed her because of her success and to see him would make it harder. There were stacks of flowers. She hurried through them to find Jimmie's name. At last she found a bunch of tiny tea roses exactly like the first ones he had sent her. "They are just like you, Jean." That was all, but it was quite enough. She threw herself into a chair and buried her face. She was crying when the door opened softly and Betty's voice whispered, "You did wonderfully and, listen, it was all bluff about Jimmie. Just to make the girls think. He's crazy about you, and——" but Betty heard no more. She rushed out with one desire: to find Jimmie and when she found him, on the fire escape, no one but the moon saw, and no one else heard. Jimmie just barely heard her.

"Bluff—Aprons and Overalls——" and she sighed.

"What Jean?"

"Balcony—roses—dreams—and JIMMIE."

LUCILLE MATTHEWS.

THE
MELON VINE

See Our
KODAKS



1920

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1920

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MELON VINE



1920

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THE
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Debating Team

ALLEN EDWARDS

First year on team, fourth year in debating
work.

JOHN SPRATT

First year on team, fourth year in literary
work, second year in debating work.

SOCIETY

Senior Activities

The Senior class social activities were begun on Friday evening, October 30, 1919, by a Hallowe'en party at the home of Miss Fern Newton. The rooms were decorated with huge, black cats, and witches, and yellow pumpkins. Several games were enjoyed during the evening, although "fortune telling" was the chief amusement. Dancing was indulged in by a few and ghost stories thrilled all with their unreasonable, yet vividly realistic superstitions.

Among those present were: clowns, witches, ghosts, little and big Uncle Sams, colonial girls, Wee Po Peep's and Spanish girls.

Saturday evening, November 1, 1919, a crowd of Seniors met at the home of Miss Hart and were delightfully entertained until a late hour. Various games, puzzles, and other amusements were participated in by the guests.

On Friday night, November 13, 1919, Miss Cornelia Hood was hostess to the Seniors. The amusements were games, candy-making, dancing, and of course eating. A. W. S. presided over the candy-making, thereby getting most of same. After (the) luncheon, the guests gathered around the fire-place and amused themselves by popping pop-corn and other forms of pleasure.

Friday, January 2, 1920, the Seniors invaded Junior camp.

"Weenie" can't be mentioned to a Junior in W. H. S. and certainly not by a Senior. The reason being that a crowd of Juniors journeyed forth to a certain place out on the hights, for the purpose of consuming a product of Swift & Co., the article being "Weenies". This in itself was nothing they could be censured for, but some way a crowd of Seniors got word of the affair, and, being fond of "Weenies", resolved that they also would partake of the delicious repast.

Since the Seniors were not invited, the problem was, "How Shall We Get the Weenies?" This was soon solved by a famous Senior scout, who, with the aid of other Seniors, got on the trail of the "enemy" and located their camp.

Unluckily some of the Seniors met with accidents before reaching camp. Some were inflicted by the sharp pointed tormentors of man—

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the prickly pear. One Senior tried walking through a wheel-barrow with damage to both parties; and another Senior, thinking he was pursued by a band of Juniors, ran full tilt into a barb-wire fence.

However the Seniors soon came in sight of the camp and after sending out a number of spies the "Weenies" were located and captured. Also two Juniors. The "Weenies" were taken back to town; part of them were eaten, while the other part was strung up in Honor Hall for public inspection, only to be torn down by some avenging Junior.

The gauntlet has been thrown down and class raids are on. Who will win? "THE SENIORS!"

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1920

The thirteenth certainly WASN'T an unlucky day for the Seniors. The whole day was one of good times and fun. The first thing in the morning "rumor" was abroad that there was going to be something doing in Mrs. Irby's room the seventh period for the "Seniors", and they certainly were not in the least disappointed.

All the Seniors met Mrs. Irby and to add to the pleasure of the party and keep up the youthful spirit which goes with St. Valentine's Day, she pinned on each one a dainty little heart bearing the usual greetings and good wishes. All the Seniors left school that afternoon with a smile. Mrs. Irby is always doing something to make each day a pleasant one for us.

FEBRUARY 14, 1920

Saturday night was one of the most enjoyable of the Senior socials. A Valentine party given by Miss Cornelia Hood. Her home was prettily decorated in Valentine colors. Hanging over one window there were two huge hearts; one containing small hearts for the girls and the other arrows for the boys. After much confusion and fun in finding the corresponding numbers, each heart was pierced; then began the game of "hearts". The two couples making the highest scores played a try-out game. The winners received graduating books.

The next feature of the merry-making was a costume race, which was exceedingly comical. The winners, the tallest boy and the smallest girl in High School, were presented with prizes. After a salad course a number spent the rest of the evening dancing. At a late hour the guests departed, all declaring they had never spent a more enjoyable evening.

The Senior Picnic

The august and dignified body of Seniors of the class of 1920, after careful consideration and much discussion, decided to embark upon a very dangerous expedition, which we usually term a picnic. So on the morning elected, two coughing, spitting, mechanical monsters were drawn up in readiness before the school house, and a very brave, bold assembly of Seniors to fly with them to the wilds of the Brazos River in the region of Dennis.

Upon reaching the aforesaid wilds, we sent scouting parties hither and thither to reconnoiter and to discover any wild animals such as jack rabbits, turtles, and field mice, which may have been laying in wait for mortals that might have courage enough to venture near their dens. We found after much search a delightful place in which to pitch camp, coats, etc., and thither drove our iron monsters. A mighty body of water was also discovered by some of the more venturesome of our party, lashing and raging in the confines of its bed.

A little later on the men of the party and also some of the ladies braved the dangers of this unknown sea in order to go bathing which, by the way, some were in great need. Such courage as this could have come from no other source than our ancestors who swung from limb to limb and from tree to tree and threw coconuts at the largest elephants and giraffes that happened to come into range.

After a morning fraught with excitement and fun we were served to a delicious dinner consisting of the famous HEINZ'S PORK AND BEANS over which the Gallant Spratt returned thanks to Him from whom all blessings flow, and the best and sweetest chaperone and teacher that a class ever had presided.

The afternoon drug on with nothing of very much interest happening and as the evening drew near we again boarded our fire-spitting monsters and started for that civilization which we had almost forgotten for one glorious day.

As we reached the school building the last rays of the dying sun were kissing the tops of the hills which surround our beautiful little valley and the evening shadows were beginning to enfold the valley in the arms of dusk, which, as it drew closer and closer about us, seemed a benediction from Him who creates such days as the one we had so enjoyed and then put us mortals here to drink the Heavenly nectar from the cup of nature.

The Junior-Senior Party

A large assembly of the two factors of the oldest feud known to the civilized world at large and the quiet, peaceful, beautiful, little village of Weatherford in particular; namely, the Juniors and Seniors, met at the home of Miss Delia Bishop for their annual spree at seven-thirty P. M., May 7, 1920.

We were first entertained by a delightful stroll program about the beautiful grounds with no one to see but the kindly moon and the friendly, twinkling stars. And they, like the daisies, "Won't tell". But perhaps it was better that way, for if some of our dignified Professors and Professoresses could have seen into the garage and other cozy nooks and corners with which the grounds abound, they would in all probability have started a Sabbath school next day to save our souls from purgatory. But we should worry, we can be kids only once you know.

Next we became very much interested in trying to guess a number of riddles which were piled up in the middle of the billiard table. Mr. Preston Woody captured the prize of this event, which was a doll. Each couple was then given a piece of string with a piece of candy tied in the middle (of the string and the candy too). The object of this game was to break in those charming damsels who were only "sweet sixteen and had never been kissed" and also to give the old-timers a CHANCE.

After this there were a good many private stroll programs inaugurated and a few DARK tete-a-tete. Refreshments were then served by a charming hostess to two of the most charming classes that were ever under the jurisdiction of that aged and gray jail called the W. H. S.

Both classes wish to express their gratitude to Miss Olga Sammons for the beautiful music which she furnished throughout the entertainment.



Popularities

JENNIE WOODY
Most Popular Girl.

* *

HAZEL NEWTON
Cutest Girl.

* *

BLAIR CHERRY
Most Popular Boy.

* *

JOE CHANDLER
Jolliest Boy.



Jennie Woody
"Most Popular."



Joe Chandler
"Jolliest Boy"



ORGANIZATIONS

Tom Wilkes Jr.

ORGANIZATIONS

CONGRESS

F. O. P.

EL CLUE DE ESPANOL

B. N. A.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

Progress of Congress

FOR THE PAST number of years, it has been customary for the boys of the Weatherford High School to have some form of a literary society. Once before they had a Congress, but as a rule, the boys have a regular literary society. Last year the boys seemed to loose interest in the ordinary literary society and this year they showed less interest than ever toward the old form. Some of the boys thought that our fellows would be more interested if a Congress was organized. This was done and good results followed.

This Congress was run as near as possible like the Congress of the United States, its officials consisting of a speaker, a clerk, a sergeant-at-arms, and a door keeper.

In the debates which took place, instead of a limited number participating, the debate was open to every member with the understanding that no member should speak more than once. A few items not permitted in regular congress were added to the program, but this was done in order to keep the interest of the boys aroused.

The general purpose of this organization was to aid our boys in securing self-confidence, give them an opportunity to think on their feet, encourage them to hold their own in a debate, or an argument of any kind, so that when they step forward into the battle and struggles of life they will step forward like men determined to win and not like men who are undecided as to what they should do or what they should not do.

We are not going to give the names of the officers of this organization because three different groups of officers were elected during the past year.



THE
MELON VINE



1920

Members of Congress

Our slogan is: "Make better Americans
for America—and to lead America."

Marion Elliott	Hurbert Keaton
Mack Rust	James Nelson
Ward DeWees	Alpheus Garrett
Oneal Dendy	Arthur Cato
Robert Campbell	Sidney Haas
Bill Clark	Joe Witherspoon
Stonewall McMurry	Hubert Parks
James Ferguson	Frank Tarkington

F. O. P.

"FULL OF PEP."

AN ORGANIZATION, the duty of whose members is to keep up spirit and life in the school; to learn to express themselves better and more clearly before an audience; last, but not least, by any means, to get better acquainted with each other.

This organization is open to every girl in school, on condition of course. There are certain rules and regulations to be observed, certain statements and promises to be made before a member is taken in.

OFFICERS

LUCILLE MATTHEWS, President.
RUTH McNATT, Vice President.
HENRI NELL WILLIAMS, Vice President.
FERN NEWTON, Secretary.
ELIZABETH KINDER, Sergeant-at-arms.
LAVINIA ISBELL, Press Reporter.

MEMBERS

Johnnie Lewis	Elizabeth Kinder
Hazel Lewis	Mildred Taylor
Ruth Maisel	Stella Mae Williams
Henri Nell Williams	Wayne Milliken
Clairene Powers	Lavina Isbell
Marjorie Altfather	Mary Rieves
Addie Murtle McConnell	Mary Sue Moseley
Alice Yowell	Mary Louise Hensley
Conway Alexander	Lucille Blackstock
Hazel Newton	Blanche Venable
Fern Newton	Katie Lou Shaw
Ruth McNatt	

THE
MELON VINE



1920

El Clue de Espanol

Hablar O Morir

The members of El Clue de Epanol organized this club for the purpose of learning more Spanish and creating more interest among the Spanish pupils. During the first part of the year the Spanish class translated a book, which gave them a wonderful idea of pushing onward, striving to master difficulties. One of the favorite quotations found in it is: "Ade lante siempre adelante."—Forward, always forward.—It is one of the frequently quoted mottos of the class.

Although the club has not proved its worth as it was hoped that it might—has not been as active as it might have been—we hope that it will be taken up again next year and show just what it can do.

OFFICERS

SARAH MARTIN, President.

LAVINA ISABEL, Secretary.

LUCILLE MATTHEWS, Press Reporter.

MEMBERS

Nell Bounds
Jim Ashcroft
Lavina Isabel
Lucille Matthews
Sarah Martin
Clint Plumlee
Tena Lee Wolfenberger

Preston Moody
Tom Witten
Morris Witten
Beatrice Sikes
Olga Sammon
Clarine Powers

THE
MELON VINE



1920

B. N. A.

"Gather ye rosebuds while you may—"

ALL WORK and no play would make the Seniors a dull bunch; hence, the B. N. A.'s. Strictly speaking, it's a "Good time" club, and it truly deserves the name for the girls have not only planned festivals for themselves, but have entertained the boys on several occasions, when they proved themselves charming entertainers.

The name, as well as many of the meetings, have been kept a dark secret.

OFFICERS

CORNELIA HOOD, President.

MAE SANDLIN, Secretary.

LAVINIA ISBELL, Sergeant-at-arms.

ELIZABETH KINDER, Press Reporter.

MEMBERS

Cornelia Hood

Elizabeth Kinder

Frances Fant

Conway Alexander

Lavinia Isbell

Marguerite Porter

Addie Myrtle McConnell

Alice Yowell

Lula Porter

Maida Buchanan

Mae Sandlin

Lucille Matthews

Johnnie Lewis

Ruth McNatt

Loree Compton

Fern Newton

Wayne Milliken

Ruth Maisel

Bertha Kebelman

Pauline Curtis

THE
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Officers of the
Students' Association

JOHN RIEVES—President.

BLAIR CHERRY—Vice President.

MARION ELLIOTT—Secretary and Treasurer.

LOUIS HARTLEY—Sergeant-at-Arms.

JOHN SPRATT—Sergeant-at-Arms.

MACK RUST—Door Keeper.

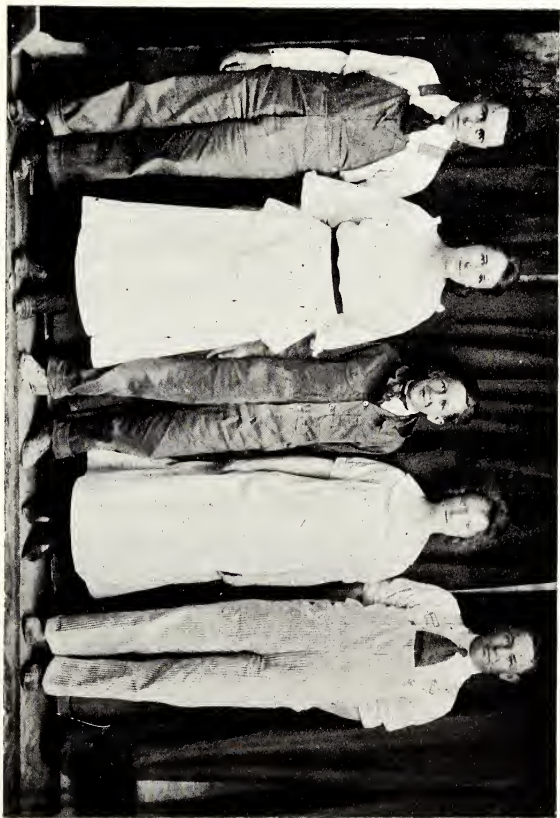
THE
MELON VINE



JOHN RIEVES
President of Students' Asso.



COUNCIL



ASSEMBLY

Purpose of the Students' Association

DURING this past year a movement has swept over the high schools of the country, a movement in each individual school, for the organizing of students. In many high schools and in most every college, the students' association has been tried and proved of great aid to the schools. The associations are not formed for the purpose of running or regulating the school, but as an aid to the teachers to encourage better conduct among the students, to place them in a position to fill the responsibility to themselves and their fellow students, to draw the student and the teacher into closer contact.

This association also makes an effort, or we should say, provides that when a movement of any sort is started for the good or for the betterment of the school, no matter whether it be a ball game, no matter if a paper is started, no matter if a movement is started for a new high school building; no matter which of the above, or other things, are started, either in or for the school, the members of this association shall boost it to the utmost of their ability and let the school spirit prevail when they are going to school.



THE
MELON VINE



LABORATORY

THE
MELON VINE

W

OUR
LETTER MEN

1920

Foreword

THE athletic portion of the term of 1919-20 was remarkable in all of its divisions. More interest was manifested, more loyal support given, and more games won than has ever before been the case in the history of Weatherford High School.

While a large majority of the games were won, let it be understood that all of the games played were played primarily for the sake of sportsmanship, and not merely as a means of bolstering up the record of the teams.

Since we feel that the satisfactory results accomplished all during the season were due, in a large measure, to the zealous and unselfish efforts of our coach, we do hereby dedicate this portion of the Annual to our esteemed leader, Mr. A. A. Berry.

THE ATHLETES.



THE
MELON VINE



A. A. BERRY
Athletic Director

THE MELON VINE



John Spratt, Manager '19. "Four-eyes" Spratt, as some of his close friends are wont to call him, made a very efficient manager. This, no doubt, was due to the quiet (?) and efficient manner in which he attended to his business. This he did in spite of the many other duties thrust upon him.

John Law, '19; left guard; weight, 200. Motto: "Go get 'em." As steady as a rock on his pins, "Big Boy" played the game exceptionally for a first year man. Watch him next year.

Lecil Lee, '19; left guard; weight, 180. Motto: "Don't let them get up a breathin'." To judge from his motto, "Bull" is a hard man to meet on the football field. And hard he is. He played his position well at all times.

Jack Ward, Captain '16, '17, '18, '19; fullback; weight, 173. Field motto: "Hit 'em hard". Nickname, "Allegany". "Old Ironsides", as he should be called, has been the backbone of the football team for the past four years. As a ground-gainer, he has no equal; as a captain, no peer.

THE MELON VINE

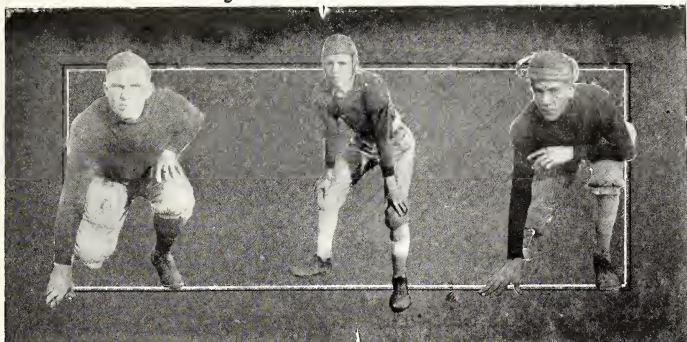


Jack Hill, '18, '19; center; weight 140. Motto: "Give 'em to me." Jack, or "good kid", as he is styled, plays position as no one else can. It was a rare thing when he made a bum pass to the backfield. Unusual when a line plunge went over his head.

Van Boyd, '19; left half; weight 135. Motto: "Go get 'em." Although "Doc" has only played one year on the team, he has shown that he is a real football player. As safety he was a hard man to get around. Uses his head.

Clifton Riggins, '19; left end; weight, 135. Field motto: Up and at 'em." Another light player but one ever on his toes. "Cotton" made a record he should be proud of. He was a veritable stone wall when it came to blocking the interference. As a tackle he was a regular "Buster".

THE MELON VINE

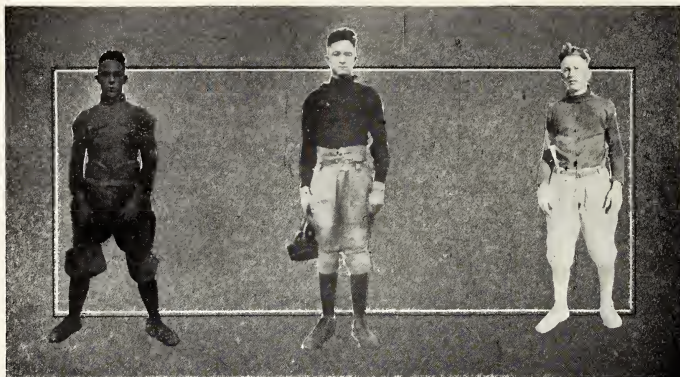


Frank Jordan, '17, '18, '19; left tackle; weight 216. Motto: "Treat 'em rough." "Bubbles" is a terror to the opposition. When he tackled it was a "cinch" his man went down. On defense he was a regular bear.

Trickey Ward, '17, '18, '19, left half; weight 167. Motto: "Tackle 'em hard." "Shag" is a man who could always be depended upon. He has been one of the regulars for three years. Although he usually plays half, he has been named as the best High School tackle in the state.

Paul Johnson, '19; quarter; weight, 142. Motto, "Up with the ends." Of the football ability of "Club" there can be no doubt. For so young a player he is one of the brainiest quarters out. We will hear from him again in the future.

THE MELON VINE



Howard Hodges, '17, '18, '19; right end; weight 145. Field motto: "Pass it to me." As an end "Jake" is hard to beat. He never fumbled a pass no matter how long or how hard a one it may have been. He is also a fast tackle and a wonder at breaking up interference.

Blair Cherry, '19; right half; weight 150. Field motto, "Fight all the time." "A fast man and a hard-hitting one." Blair is always in the game as can be judged by his motto. He was exceptionally strong on long end runs; hard to tackle.

Raymond Swofford, '19; sub. end; weight, 140. Motto: "Hit 'em low." For one that had never before had any football experience "Chub" played an exceedingly "nifty" game. We are confident that he, too, will be one of the regulars in the years to come.

Virgil Grebles, '18, '19; right guard; weight, 180. Motto: "Hit 'em hard and heavy." "Sister" Grebles, or "Fats," as he is more often called, was always on the spot when it came to piling up the opposition. Always level-headed, he stopped many a line plunge by his good use of his muscles and brains.

Royce Mitchell, '19; sub. half-back; weight, 140. Field motto: "Stick together." "Mike" proved a valuable man when he was on the field. He secured a number of hard tackles, and carried the ball for a number of long gains. He showed up best when playing against his home town of Mineral Wells.

A. A. Berry, coach '18, '19; Baylor '15, Colorado '16. Weatherford High was indeed fortunate in having such a coach as A. A. Berry. Under "Papa's" coaching the team made a record any school should be proud of. This record stands out as a monument to Mr. Berry's efficient coaching. We hope that he will continue to be with us.

Football Scores

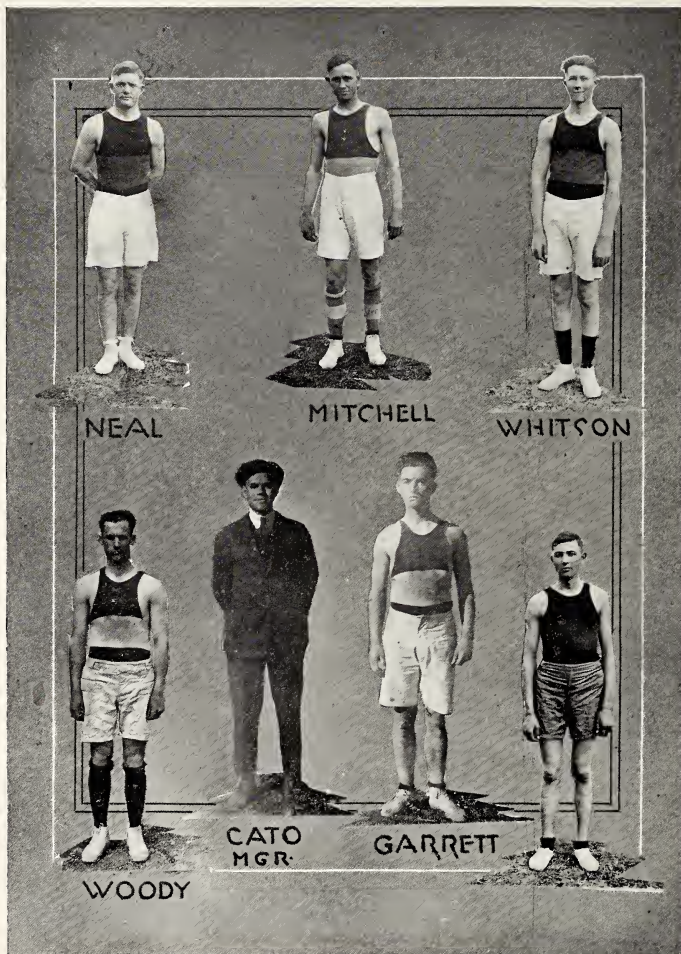
October 8, W. H. S. . . .	12	Thorp Springs	6
October 15, W. H. S. . . .	6	Masonic Home	13
November 1, W. H. S. . . .	0	Cleburne	39
November 8, W. H. S. . . .	19	Polytechnic	8
November 15, W. H. S. . . .	0	Dallas Hi	14
November 22 W. H. S, . . .	58	Mineral Wells	0
November 27, W. H. S. . . .	7	Mineral Wells	0
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total, W. H. S. . . .	102	Total, Opponents . . .	80

The following men were awarded letters: Jack Ward, Trickey Ward, Blair Cherry Van Boyd,, Howard Hodges, Jack Hill, Frank Jordan, Lecil Lee, Paul Johnson, Virgil Grebles, John Law, Clifton Riffin.

The following were awarded Special Service sweaters: Royce Mitchell, Raymond Swofford.

Manager's sweater, John Spratt.

THE
MELON VINE



Basketball Letter Men

Preston Woody, '18, '19, '20; guard; weight, 160. Always on the job and at times playing the game with the strength and skill of a dozen men. Preston made an enviable record. Although he played guard, he made a large portion of the scores made during the season.

Robert Neal, '20; forward. Bob displayed a thorough knowledge of the art of basket shooting during the entire season. As this is his first year we may expect a really wonderful player if he chooses to return to Weatherford High during the next term.

Huland Whitson, '20; center. Although this is Huland's first year for Weatherford High, he is by no means a novice at basketball having played on the Ranger team for several years. Brains, combined with action, was the means by which he performed many a difficult play.

Wayne Jones, '20; guard. As steady and dependable guard as ever set foot on a basket ball court. It took a fast play to get by his admirable defensive work. In a pinch he could be trusted to step in and make his share of the goals.

Arthur Cato, manager, '20. That same old "double action" Cato. We could not have desired a more enterprising and efficient manager. He performed his duty as none other could.

Royce Mitchell, substitute, '20. A fighter if there ever was one. Mike fooled many an opponent by his whirlwind action. Noted for his grim determination.

Alpheus Garrett, '19, '20; forward; weight 140; captain '20. Graduation deprives Weatherford of one of her best and most deserving athletes. As forward on our winning team he made life miserable for the opposing guards. Pep and aggressiveness was his middle name. At all times playing a good game, he reached the climax on the last Granbury game by piling up 25 points. He secured a total of seventy points during the season.

Basketball Scores

January 29, W. H. S. . . .	41	Granbury	8
February 2, W. H. S. . . .	26	Springtown	16
February 4, W. H. S. . . .	42	Granbury	19
February 14, W. H. S. . . .	19	Mineral Wells	11
February 18, W. H. S. . . .	19	Weatherford College . . .	10
February 21, W. H. S. . . .	30	Mineral Wells	17
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total, W. H. S.	189	Total, Opponents,	81

The following men received their letters in basketball: Garrett, Woody, Jones, Whitson, Neal, Mitchell, Cato.

THE
MELON VINE



Track Letter Men

Blair Cherry, captain '20. The fastest man on the team. One of the best athletes in the State of Texas. Wins almost everything he goes after.

Arthur Cato, manager '20, team '17, '18, '20. A "snappy" manager, as well as sprinter.

Trickey Ward, '19, '20. Best at handling the weights. A good high jumper, clears the bar at five feet three.

Campbell Walker, '19, '20. A wonder on the distance races. Gets there by his dogged determination.

Alpheus Garrett, '19, '20. A man made for athletics. Excellent on a long sprint.

Jack Hill, '19, '20. Hurdler, sprinter, pole vaulter, and high jumper. "Good at all of 'em."

Allen Edwards, '19, '20. Second fastest man in the High School. "Puts all he has in the race."

Morris Witten '20. The longer the better. Runs fifteen miles as easy as he does one.

Herbert Keaton '20. A dependable man for the distance races.

THE MELON VINE

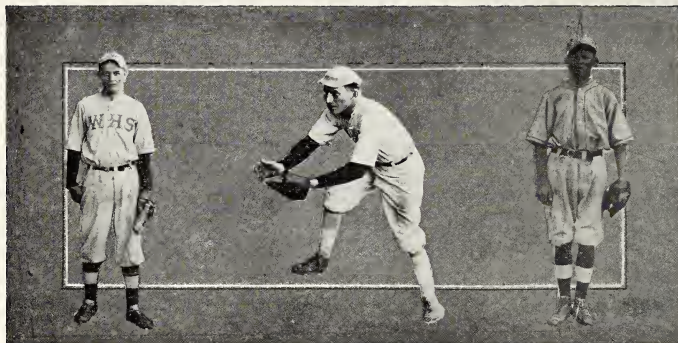


Blair Cherry, '20; first base and left field. "A demon at the bat, and a snappy fielder." Batted around 476.

Joe Chandler, '19, '20; pitcher. "Dick's good left arm, together with his wicked curves, were puzzles which the opposition found hard to solve." Batted 307.

Clifton Riggins, 18, '19, '20; captain '20; first base and third. "A steady, consistent player, veteran in many a hard-fought game. Elected Captain as a tribute to his prowess on the baseball field." Batted 311.

THE MELON VINE



Byron Patrick, '20; right field. "Stabs all the flies in his territory. A little weak with the stick, but promises to be a dandy next year."

Jack Baker, '18, '19, '20; second base. "Fields his position accurately." Goes in the game to win. Ever up and at 'em.

Don Swofford, '20; sub. "Phew! Won't he be a wonder when he gets big?" 'Atta-boy, Pokey.

THE MELON VINE

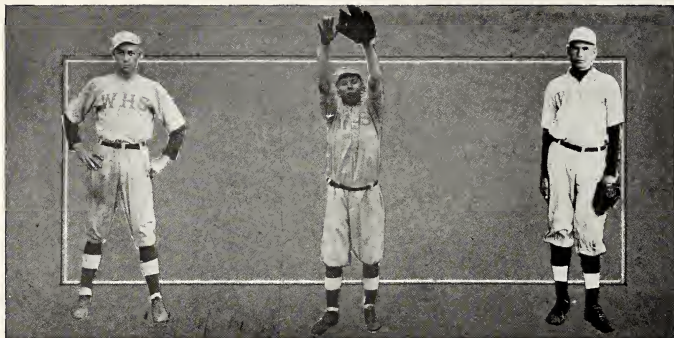


Trickey Ward, '18, '19, '20; pitcher and center field. "Plays the game thoroughly. Slam 'em out for the plural bases." A reliable pitcher and dependable fielder.

Howard Hodges, '17, '18, '19, '20; manager '19, '20; catcher. "Jake" has made an enviable record in his baseball career. As manager he performed his duty faithfully and creditably. Batted 308. We are sorry to lose him.

Jack Hill, '19, '20; short stop. Batted 450. "Jack's wicked willow helped win many games and made life miserable for opposing pitchers." He fielded his position well.

THE MELON VINE



Royce Mitchell, '20; center field. Also a promising player. Watch his smoke next year.

Johnie Hudson, '20; left field. "A comer. Did fine work in the local Mineral Wells game!"

Hughie Gracy, '20; sub. "In a well when they came into his territory. Eager to do his best."

Baseball Scores

March 11 W. H. S.....	12	Granbury	3
March 19 W. H. S.....	4	Polytechnic	4
March 26 W. H. S.....	1	North Side	2
April 3 W. H. S.....	15	Granbury	3
April 12 W. H. S.....	3	Bryant Training School	0
April 16 W. H. S.....	5	Mineral Wells	2
May 5 W. H. S.....	6	Texas Business College.....	2
May 8 W. H. S.....	1	Bankers' League.....	0
May 13 W. H. S.....	7	Mineral Wells.....	2
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total W. H. S.....	54	Total Opponents.....	18

Summary of Athletic Games

Football

OUR first game was played against the college of Thorp Springs, on October 8th. The game was staged on a field of mud and hence was not as interesting as it might have been. Our boys all acquitted themselves nobly, as is attested by the score—Weatherford, 12; Thorp Springs, 6.

The next game was also played on the local grounds and was with the Masonic Home, of Fort Worth. In spite of the fact that the boys fought to the last ditch, the game was lost. This, no doubt, was due to the spectacular line plunging of the Masonic big full-back. The final score stood: Weatherford, 6; Masonic Home, 13. We hope to reverse the score next season.

We next journeyed down to the city of Cleburne and engaged the team of that High School. Again luck was against us. When the smoke cleared, the score stood: Weatherford, 0; Cleburne, 39.

For our fourth game we played the Polytechnic team, of Fort Worth. This was on November 8th. The results of this game were a bit more gratifying than those of the two preceding games. The game was also played on a field that was several inches deep in mud and water. At the conclusion, the score stood: Weatherford, 19; Poly., 8.

Again our warriors journeyed forth to uphold the reputation of the High School. This time they met the Dallas High team on the enemy's own territory. By a succession of lucky plays, the Bryant Street men grabbed the big end of the score, which was 14, while the local Hi boys had to be contented with the knowledge that they had fought a hard fight without making a score. The game took place on the 15th of November.

On the 22nd of the same month, victory once more perched upon the banner of Weatherford High School. We played the men from our rival city of Mineral Wells. At no time during the game was the outcome in doubt. Every down was successfully made, every play successfully completed. With the Hi boys playing such a great game, it is no wonder that the final score stood: Weatherford, 58; Mineral Wells, 0.

Again we met the boys from the health resort, this time on their own grounds, on the 27th of November, "Turkey Day". The Mineral Wells team put up a good fight, but they were no match for the victorious Hi boys. The results were, as they should have been: Weatherford, 7; Mineral Wells, 0.

Football---Second Team

THERE are several things that a football team must have to be entirely efficient. One of these is a good string of second team men. In this respect, the regulars were indeed blessed during the 1919 season. It is quite probable that a great part of the success of the team was due to the hard work they had to do against the zealous "scrub" team. For this reason, it is right and proper that the members of the second team should be given some credit. In addition to the work done against the regulars, the second string men played some three games, and needless to say, won all of them. Two were played with the K. of P. boys and one with the nerry chaps from First Ward.

The names of the second team men follow: Hartley, captain; Cato, manager; Garrett, Mitchell, MacMurray, Reeves, Davenport, Swofford, Massey, Chandler, Whitsett, Walker.



THE MELON VINE

Basketball

THE first game of the season was on the 9th of January, and was played against Granbury High School. The game was played on the enemy's territory, but the local boys had the "go" on them all through the game. The end of the game saw the High boys possessed of the nifty score of 41, while their opponents were barely able to secure 8 points to their credit. The feature of the game was the playing of Garrett and Woody.

The second game was played on the home court against the strong team of Springtown. This was on the 2nd of February. The Springtown boys got the jump on us and almost before we touched the ball, passed the sphere through the ring four times. But encouraged by the local "rooters", the High School team staged a strong rally and by the end of the game the score stood: Weatherford, 26; Springtown, 16.

On the fourth of February, we again played Granbury High School; this time on the local grounds. The game was a repetition of the former, as the Granbury team was clearly outmatched. At no time were they able to secure the lead. The final score being: Weatherford, 42; Granbury, 19.

For our fourth game, we journeyed over to the city of Mineral Wells on the 14th of February, and there defeated the High School team by a score of 19 to 11. The first half of the game was a bit slow, due to several causes, but in the last half, both teams "peppered up" somewhat, and played a great game, with neither side able to gain the advantage.

The fifth game played was against the strong team from Weatherford College. The game was close and at the conclusion of the first half the score stood five and five. But in the last half, the High boys put on what extra "spiz" they possessed, thereby winning the game by a score of 19 to 10. A feature of the game was the superb guarding of Jones of the High School.

The sixth and last game was played against Mineral Wells, this time on the local court. This game, too, was fought to the finish. The High boys won by a score of 30 to 17. Due to the intense rivalry between the two schools, the game was very interesting to the large crowd of spectators that attended.

Track

The W. H. S. won first place in the County Interscholastic Meet on March 20. This year a full team of Junior and Senior boys was turned out by the old Hi. It has been a custom for the Senior boys to have a team, but the Pythian Home usually took the Junior boys and girls by default; however, this year they were met boldly by the Junior boys and girls from the Hi and let us say that our boys and girls did splendid work. Mrs. Berry has certainly kept the girls busy and they showed the effects of their training, both in the basket ball games and on the field.

The following are the totals of the competitors:

Boys Senior Division—

Weatherford High.....	89 points	Weatherford College.....	22 points
Pythian Home.....	23 points	Fox	12 points

Boys Junior Division—

Pythian Home.....	45 points	Fox	4 points
Weatherford High.....	35 points	Fourth Ward.....	10 points
Weatherford College.....	35 points		

Girls Senior Division—

Weatherford High.....	22 points	Buckner.....	3 points
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Girls Junior Division—

Pythian Home.....	19 points	Weatherford High.....	11 points
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This shows that Weatherford High has a grand total of 157 points; Pythian Home, 87; Weatherford College, 57; Fox, 16; Fourth Ward, 10; Buckner, 3.

The High school track team took first place in the Class A events of the district Interscholastic League Meet, April 3rd. The following points were given the schools: Class A—Weatherford High, 62; Central High, Ft. Worth, 48; Mineral Wells High, 14; North Side, Ft. Worth, 3; Strawn High, 10.

Baseball

THE FIRST GAME of the season was played on the local field against a delegation from Granbury High school. The game was an easy victory for the local team, the Hi boys taking the big end of a 12 to 3 score. For the first game excellent baseball was played by the locals.

The second game was also played on the local grounds. Our opponents were from Polytechnic High of Fort Worth. The game was marred by a good deal of unnecessary wrangling. And finally in the first half of the ninth inning with the score standing four to four Poly withdrew her men from the field. Weatherford claims a forfeit.

Luck was somewhat against us when we met a bunch from North Side High of Fort Worth for the third game. The Hi men put up a stiff fight but at the end of the game the visitors held the winning end of a 2 to 1 score. Strictly first-class baseball was played by both of the teams.

For our fourth game the team, accompanied by a bunch of loyal rooters journeyed down to the city of Granbury. The game played was merely a repetition of the former game, Weatherford High walking off with the choice portion of a 15 to 3 score. Granbury's pitcher secured a home run on a fluke, losing the ball in a mud hole. The High boys fattened up their batting averages considerably.

By hitting in the pinches W. H. S. whitewashed a team from Bryant Training School of Fort Worth. The three scores made by the Hi boys were, however, well earned. T. Ward did some very effective work, securing seventeen strike-outs. Cherry played a great game at the bat.

Mineral Wells was the next team to go down in defeat before the High school boys, the score being W. H. S. 5, Mineral Wells 2. All of the Hi boys played the game with a vim. A number of subs were given a chance and did some very creditable work.

The game against the Texas Business College was the most interesting of the season. The Business men had decided they were IT until they were defeated 6 to 2 in a hot contest. West, their star hurler, was pounded hard.

Trickey Ward pitched the game of his life against the Texas State Bank of Fort Worth, when he let them down with three scratch hits. Riggins and Cherry made the only two safe bingles for the "Hi".

The last game played in time for the Annual was in Mineral Wells. We won 7 to 2. That completed a perfect day for Hi athletics as it made eleven contests with the Health Resort High in two years and until yet they have not won a contest.

Girls' Basketball

First game of the season was played against the First Ward. The Ward girls put up a strong fight, but we defeated them. Closely following we played a game against Fourth Ward. Again W.H.S. girls came away as victors. Next we played First Ward and won by a smaller score than before. Late in March we played our last game. We were defeated by Granbury Hi. This is the second game the W. H. S. girls have lost in twenty played during three years.

Our girls deserve much credit, although they did lose one game, for they did not win 33 of the 157 W. H. S. points in the Interscholastic Meet?

SCORES:

Feb. 24—W. H. S.....	13	First Ward	6
Feb. 26—W. H. S.....	38	Fourth Ward.....	6
March 11—W. H. S.....	5	First Ward	3
March 27—W. H. S.....	6	Granbury Hi	7
Totals.....	62		22

Girls' Track Team

The girls' team of 1919-20 was unusually good. The girls did splendid work. Their success was chiefly due to the faithful coach's untiring efforts. We are hoping for even a larger and stronger team next year.

W. H. S. Girls.....	33 points
Senior Girls.....	22 points
Junior Girls.....	11 points
Total.....	33 points

First Place—Laura Belle Riggins, Senior.....	11 1-4
Second Place, Louise Armstrong, Junior.....	7 3-4
Audna Besse.....	7 1-4
Lena Hill.....	2 1-4

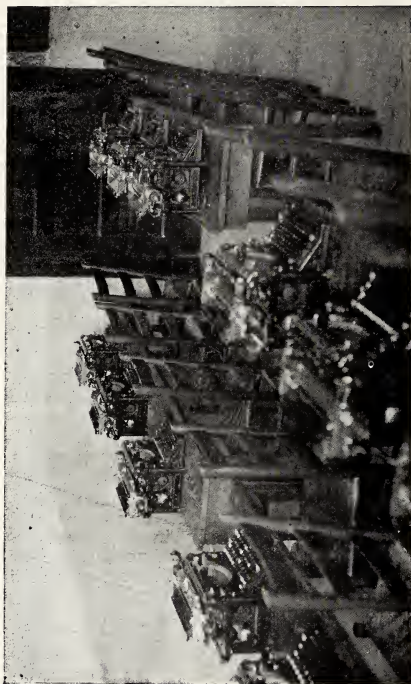
The opposing teams were from the Pythian Home and Buckner.

JOKES



NOTHING is complete without a joke, so read ours. Note their superior quality in all respects and then laugh. If the jokes are not funny, laugh because the joke section is a joke.

THE MELON VINE



COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Important Notice

WE ARE very sorry that the picture of Joe Witherspoon was left out of the Senior division. Joe has been with us for four years and an active student at that, taking part in literary work.

We have tried to be very, very careful in the picture departments and the only reason we have for his picture not being here is that the photographer failed to give us the picture.

Credit Is Due

WE ARE GLAD to be granted this page in the Melon Vine which affords us the opportunity to publicly thank the Staff for their efficient assistance rendered us in publishing same. Our work together has been mutually pleasant and we shall miss their daily visitations when the work is finished.

We want to congratulate the entire staff in general, and Messrs. John Rieves. John Spratt, Arthur Cato and Miss Lucille Matthews in particular for their efforts in publishing this Melon Vine, because of the able manner in which each has carried their part of the responsibility. We wish for each of them all the good things in life as they journey forth into the world.

DEMOCRAT PUBLISHING CO.

THE
MELON VINE

JANITOR



1920

R. O. GREGORY
JANITOR

WE NOW take pleasure in introducing to you R. O. Gregory, the oldest member of the faculty and the oldest student now in our midst. Mr. Gregory has spent almost 25 years of his life keeping the halls of the High school bright and clean for hundreds of students. We can say of him that he is ever faithful in the discharging of his duties.

THE
MELON VINE



1920

Acknowledgement

IN CONCLUDING our work in connection with the issuing of the 1920 Melon Vine we feel that we cannot call our work complete without first expressing our appreciation to The Democrat Publishing Company for their excellent service and co-operation, and we feel that without this our efforts would not have been so successful. In this connection we wish to especially thank Messrs. L. F. Howard and Willet J. Campbell of the Democrat force, for their personal interest and many helpful suggestions shown throughout the making of this, the 1920 Melon Vine.

JOHN RIEVES, Business Manager.
JOHN SPRATT, Editor-in-Chief.

READ OUR

ADVERTISEMENTS



LOOK

IN THE last pages of this book you will find the ads of the citizens and business men of Weatherford. These people are interested in the growth and the welfare of the Weatherford High School and you should be interested in them.

You can do one of these two things: you can patronize these houses and aid in the building up of the schools and the community and consequently build up the morals of the coming boys and girls; or you can patronize mail order houses and destroy the schools and the community.

Everyone is interested, or at least should be interested, in the growth of their community and if you are interested we appeal to you in behalf of the public schools of Weatherford to patronize these men.

Our Advertisers

Everett & Hudson
Pearson & Winsett
No-De-La Tailoring Co.
J. R. Pickens
Wm. Haas
The Lyric Theater
Freeman's Cash Garage
Barthold's
Dan D. Hartnett
Cozy Cafe
City Bakery
Johnson & Burke
Robert Kebelman
Jim's Cafe
Gernsbacher Bros. Co.
H. J. Bradfish
Corcanges
B. N. Leverett Motor Co.
Texas Business College
John Leiper's Music Store
Jones-Smith
Kindel's Drug Co.
Brotherhood of American
Yoemen
B. F. Browder
Jones & O'Neill
A. H. Russell
L. J. Crowder
Virgil Pickard's Pressing Parlor
Wide-Awake Cafe
Walter Browder
Baker-Poston & Co.
Cherry-Akard
R. I. Lee
W. H. Bowden & Son
W. A. White & Co.

Alex Rawlins
Brown-Milburn Hardware Co.
Everysport
First State Bank
Quick Service Shoe Repair Shop
The Christian Chapel
Oscar Jones
Merchants & Farmers State Bank
North Side Baptist Church
Democrat Publishing Co.
Crystal Palace Flouring Mills Co.
The Princess Theater
The First National Bank
Reynolds Drug & Jewelry Co.
Waldrom
City Pressing Parlor
The Model Grocery
Williams & Newberry
Rumage Dry Goods Co.
Dr. Alexander S. Garrett
The Southwestern Engraving Co.
Dr. L. M. Hall
Nelle R. Fleming
Page & Phillips
Tom S. Bullock
City Drug Store
Elite Pressing Parlor
Camp & Co.
Braselton-Smith
Knox Realty Co.
Coca-Cola Bottling Co.
Carter-Callaway
W. C. Ragsdale & Co.
City Barber Shop
The Land Studio

THE
MELON VINE

1920

The Citizens Mutual Life and Accident Association of Texas

T. P. EVERETT, Pres.

B. N. HUDSON, Sec.

"The Mutual is the dead man's friend,
On it his orphans can depend.
His widow's rod and staff and stay,
That keeps the Wolf of want away."

Life Insurance Is One of the Necessities of Life— Get Mutualized

We will write you a policy of \$1000.00 for the fee of \$5.00

We are headquarters for

**Real Estate,
Fire Insurance,
Tornado Insurance,
Old Line Life Insurance.**

Students, when you leave the Alma Mater the first
step to take is to insure your future—we will show
you the way.

—LOAF WITH US.—

EVERETT & HUDSON

South Side of The Square

Weatherford, Texas

THE
MELON VINE

Baker - Poston & Company

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS

WITH OUR EXPERIENCE of over 46 years in the mercantile business we would like to suggest that nowhere can you find a better buying opportunity either in range for selection or in price advantage than **in** our different departments. Having anticipated the existing shortage, we prepared unusually large stocks some time ago. Consequently, we are in a position to offer a wide assortment at prices well below the present market price.

COME TO BAKER-POSTON FOR EVERYTHING TO WEAR

YOU CAN'T BE BLUE



HOW could you ever have the blues listening to Bert Williams, Al Jolson, Nora Bayes, Harry Fox, or Van & Schenck? It can't be done.

Scores of such **exclusive** Columbia artists, the world's best funny-bone ticklers, melody makers, opera stars, and jazz wizards are at your command on Columbia Records.

And the last word in modern musical instruments with its many **exclusive** mechanical advantages is the

COLUMBIA GRAFONOLA

The **exclusive** system of tone control of the Columbia Grafonola enables you to modulate its tone volume with merely a touch.

The Non-Set Automatic Stop, another **exclusive** Columbia feature, automatically stops the motor at the end of a record regardless of its length. Nothing to move, or set, or measure.

Come in and hear what chunks of pleasure the Columbia Grafonola provides.



BAKER-POSTON & CO.

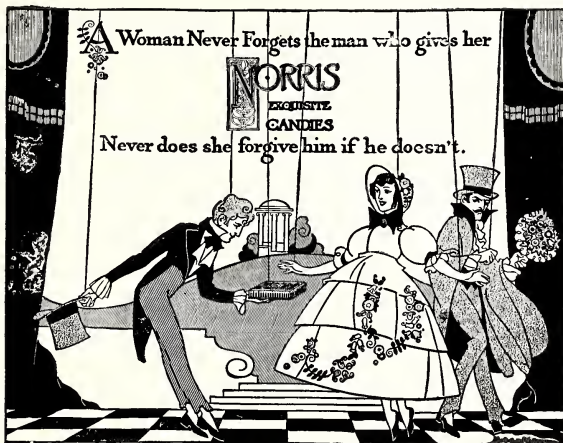
The Store With the Goods

Weatherford, Texas

1920

THE
MELON VINE

Pleasing the Particular



OUR LINE of Fresh Home-Made Candy and High Grade Chocolates is complete in every detail, and our assortment is so extensive and varied that your wants are easily supplied.

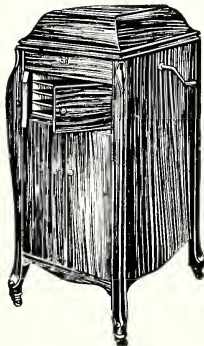
The Cold Drinks We Serve

are pleasing to the palate and meet the discriminating taste of the most fastidious. When you call on us listen to the music on

The Famous "Universal" Talking Machine

We carry these machines in stock and can make immediate delivery of your selection.

"OKEH" Records for sale.



WALTER BROWDER

East Side Square.

Weatherford, Texas.

1920

No-De-La Tailoring Company

W. E. CULWELL, Prop.

CLEANING AND PRESSING

—and—

All Kinds of Alterations

Phone 70

118 York Ave.

**HONEST
DEALINGS**

**DEPENDABLE
MERCHANDISE**

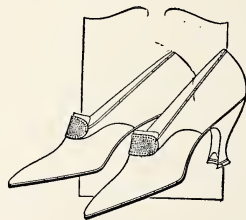
**COURTEOUS
TREATMENT**

—if that appeals to you,
spend your money with
me.

J. R. Pickens

Groceries, Feed
and Produce

**CORRECT
FOOTWEAR**



—For your Graduation
Day and Every Other
Day.

Wm. HAAS

Robt. Kebelman

**FURNITURE
STORE**

We will be pleased to
show you our complete
line of Spring Furniture
and floor covering.

N. MAIN STREET

**ANNIVERSARY
PRESENTS**

**BIRTHDAY
PRESENTS**

**WEDDING
PRESENTS**

**GERNSBACHER
Bros. Co.**

Weatherford, Texas

Jim's Cafe

SHORT ORDERS

—and—

REGULAR MEALS

**Open Day and
Night**

WE NEVER CLOSE

H. J. Bradfish

**Wholesale Grain, Hay and
Mill Products**

**Cotton Seed Cake, Meal and Hulls;
Cane, Millett, Kaffir Corn and
Milo Maize.**

**Elevator on T. & P. and Santa Fe
tracks on Fort Worth Street.**

**Straight and mixed care feed my
specialty.**

Phones 591 and 160.

Weatherford, Texas.



CANDIES

Anything In the Candy Line

Home made sugar stick a specialty. Ice cream and soft drinks. The home of Ideal peanut butter and salted peanuts. All kinds of cigars and tobacco.

A full line of stationery and school supplies, tablets, pencils, erasers, rulers, etc.

B. F. BROWDER

Northeast Corner Square

Phone 520 J

IF YOU WANT RESULTS GIVE
US A TRIAL. WE ARE WITH
THE CROWD FOR A GREATER
WEATHERFORD.

JONES SMITH

Real Estate and Insurance

Phone 341.

—For—
Graduation Presents
—Go To—

Bob Irvine

Expert watch repairing
and general jewelry
work. See me
at

KINDELS DRUG CO.
N. Main St.

Brotherhood of American Yoemen

Largest fraternal insurance
society in the world insuring
men and women.

Our rates are adequate, are
fixed, certain and will not
change.

The society for the young
man.

B. L. FLEATHER,
Foreman.

THAD J. WOOD,
M. C.

B. D. MELTON,
D. M.

THE
MELON VINE

CORCANGES

—MANUFACTURE—

Ice Cream
and
Candies

Brick Cream

—a—

Specialty

Cold and Hot

Drinks

C
O
R
C
A
N
G
E
S

Drugs

Patent Medicines

Toilet Articles

Drug Sundries

Books

Magazines

Kodaks
and Films

“On the square.”

CORCANGES

1920

THE
MELON VINE

*B. N. Leverett
Motor Co.*

*Chandler and Overland Automobiles
Parts, Tires and Accessories*

PHONE 200

CALL

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COMPANY

TWENTY YEARS AGO

—if you had asked the average business man or banker what he thought of business colleges he would have replied, "Not much".

BUT TIMES CHANGE—Today ask the busy business man and he will tell you, "We can't get on without them. They train young men and women in business fundamentals, thus preparing them to come to us qualified to do our work."

BUSINESS IS KING—There were never so many opportunities for young people as now—that is those who are trained in business fundamentals. We specialize on this line of training, let us talk it over with you, young man—young woman.

Texas Business College

T. H. Gatlin, Pres.

Weatherford, Texas.

John Leiper's Music Store

is headquarters for pianos, Victrolas, records and all kinds of musical instruments.

Goods sold on small payment when desired.

112 Houston Ave.

Established 40 Years

A Good Investment Is Worth a Life Time of Labor

Buy your home or make your investment now before values reach a higher level, which are sure to come. We have residences in all parts of the city at prices that will interest you. Farms and ranches any where you desire. See us before you buy or sell.

Good fire insurance in an Old Line Company.

Jones & O'Neill

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

M. & F. Bank Building

Telephone No. 6.

A Complete Line
of Goods
Suitable for

GRADUATION
PRESENTS

—at—

A. H. Russell

Jeweler and Optician

**The Palace
Barber Shop**

***"It's Easy to Figure
How we'll
Clean You"***

L. J. Crowder

EXPERT BARBER WORK

N. Side of the Square

Groceries of Quality

Prices Right

—at—

Dan D. Hartnett

**GROCERIES AND
FEED**

Phones

39 and 139

City

Bakery

Fresh Bread,

Cakes,

Pastries,

etc.

North Main St.

“IF EATS”

Get it at the

COZY CAFE

Open day and night

Short orders and
regular meals

A. COLLINS, . . Prop.

*Johnson
and
Burk*

**GAS
FITTERS**

124 South Main

WHEN YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO
ENTERTAIN YOURSELF AND FRIENDS—

Look up the bill at

"THE LYRIC"

You will always find there what it takes to make up
a pleasant evening

High Class Photoplays

with a touch of COMEDY and plenty of music

J. W. COURTNEY, Mgr.

EXPERT REPAIR SERVICE—

Special attention to all makes
of cars. We don't work boys
and charge you for a man's
services.

FREEMAN'S

Cash Garage

STORAGE SPACE

122 Austin Ave.

Weatherford, Texas.



UNION SUITS, HOSIERY
STETSON HATS

BARTHOLDS

THE
MELON VINE

Virgil Pickard's Pressing Parlor

We solict your 1920 Cleaning and Pressing and will do all in
our power to give you the best of work.

GIVE US A TRIAL

We Will Appreciate a Portion of Your Business

SUITS MADE TO ORDER

PHONE 406

COLLEGE AVE.

WIDE AWAKE CAFE

Bob Shelby, Prop.

If You Are Looking For the
Best Place to Eat

COME TO 220 N. MAIN

1920

Cherry - Akard

Drug Company



Drugs, Drug Sundries, School Books, School Supplies, Wall Paper, Paints, Varnishes, Toilet Goods, Kodak Supplies, fine Candies and Stationery.

FREE DELIVERY

Cherry - Akard

Drug Company

WHY NOT SEE LEE?

If you need anything in the jewelry line, come to Lee's store. Everything I have is absolutely new and of the best quality. I have a good assortment of wedding rings at a reasonable price—see them before you buy. I make a specialty of high grade watch work and use only the best material. If a watch is repaired and repaired right, it gives you no trouble.

R. I. LEE

JEWELRY

128 York Ave
Weatherford, Texas.

W. H. BOWDEN & SON

We carry at all times a dependable line of General Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes and Ladies' Ready-to-wear. Our motto is to sell for cash, by doing so we can sell better goods for less money.

Corner of York Ave.
and Spring St.

W. A. WHITE

**UNDERTAKER
and
EMBALMER**

All details looked after.
Flowers for Funerals.

Auto Equipment.

THE
MELON VINE

"Glad To Serve You"



HUGHES & HOFFMAN

and

LOOSE WILES CANDIES

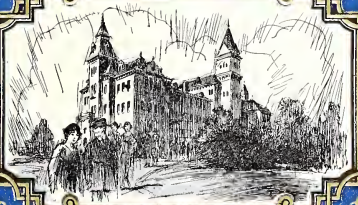
Hot and Cold Drinks, Cigars, Cigarettes and

Tobacco, Fruits and Nuts

Pearson & Winsett

N. Main Street

1920



The
Engravings in this Annual
Were made by
Southwestern Engraving Co.
Fort Worth Texas

THE
MELON VINE

COCO-COLA

The High School Student's Drink

It wakes you in the morning, invigorates you in the afternoon, revives you at night.

Delicious and refreshing all the time.

For students and loafers.

Call for it anywhere in bottles.

Coco-Cola Bottling Co.

—For—

**YOUNG MEN'S
SUITS**

SHOES AND FURNISHINGS

—and—

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR

—Go to—

**Carter-Callaway
Dry Goods Company**

**DEPARTMENT
GARAGE**

**AUTOMOBILE REPAIRING
ACETYLENE WELDING
AUTOMOBILE TOPS
BLACKSMITH SHOP
RADIATOR SHOP
DISC ROLLING**

**WOOD WORK—ALL KINDS
Experts in All Departments.**

W. C. Ragsdale & Co.

North of Post Office.

Phone 566.

THE
MELON VINE

TAKES THE BEST TO MAKE THE BEST

That's the Reason

BLUE RIBBON FLOUR

is so universally used for making

BREAD, BISCUIT AND PASTRY

For sale by all Grocers.

Manufactured by

Crystal Palace Flouring Mills Co.

Weatherford, Texas.

Always Remember That When You Come to

THE PRINCESS

You will see the best pictures and hear the latest and
best music money can buy. We always

TRY TO PLEASE

the public. That's our business.

—Your patronage highly appreciated.—

KINDEL AND DAVIDSON.

JACK TATE

FRANK W. MILBURN

***Brown-Milburn Hardware
Company***

Successors to
LOWE & CO.

***Hardware,
Buggies,
Wagons
and Implements***

JORDAN BROWN

LEE BLACKWELL

THE
MELON VINE

CITY BARBER SHOP

Bruce & Estes, Props.

We cater to the patronage of the discriminating man who will be satisfied with nothing short of the best.

Buster Brown Hair Cuts for Children a Specialty

Parents are urged to bring their children during the week and avoid the Saturday rush.

Shine Parlor

For Ladies and Gentlemen

Our Workmen Are Artists in Their Line!

THE
MELON VINE

YOUNG MAN

Now is the time to think of new clothes for commencement wear and nothing speaks more of refinement of taste, than one's choice of clothing. You will find our line of shirts, etc., very attractive and reasonably priced—and if it is Shoes, we have them.

*Come In and Give Us
a Trial*

RUMAGE DRY GOODS CO.

"The Price Is the Thing."

Dr. Alexander S. Garrett
General Practice

Office at Kelly's Drug
Store

Weatherford, Texas

DR. L. M. HALL
Dentist

**Rooms 28-29 Kuteman
Building**

Weatherford, Texas

—For—

**Monumental Work,
Granite or Marble**

—See—

ALEX. RAWLINS
Palo Pinto St. Weatherford, Tex.

Nelle R. Fleming
Doctor of Chiropractic

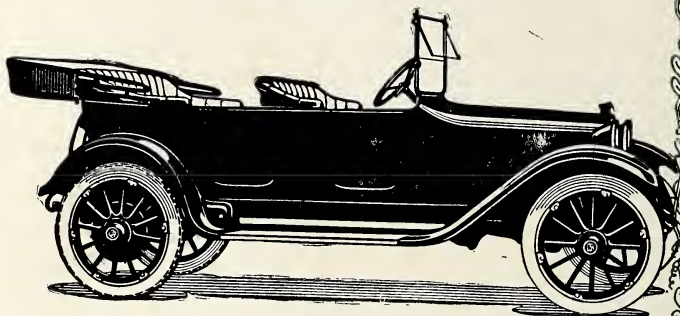
Rooms 3-4, Kuteman
Building

S. W. PHONE 159

Weatherford, Texas

THE
MELON VINE

DODGE BROTHERS CLOSED CAR



OSCAR JONES

127 York Ave.

Parts and service

Phone 186

A Bank Account---

Audits your expenses,
Receipts your payments,
Builds your credit,
Stimulates your confidence,
Increases your prestige,
Helps you to accumulate.
Are not these things worth while?

Merchants & Farmers State Bank

Weatherford, Texas



THE CHRISTIAN CHAPEL



A place of worship for Christians whose endeavor is to maintain inviolate the principles of New Testament Christianity.

Their aim is to be both in faith and practice what the followers of Christ were in the New Testament.

They respect both the utterance and silence of the Holy Scriptures.

THE
MELON VINE

Page & Phillips

for

DRY GOODS, SHOES, CLOTHING

and

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
READY-TO-WEAR

OUR PRICES ARE LESS!

Tom S. Bullock

Northeast Corner
Square

Country Produce
Feed and
Seeds



Your Patronage Solicited and
Will Be Appreciated

CITY DRUG STORE

First with Everything in
Drugs and Drug Sundries

We thank each and every family represented by each pupil of our town and splendid schools for the liberal patronage given to us in the past.

You have made it possible for our store to be that of BEST in the city.

Yours in every want

CITY DRUG STORE

"I Want Clean Men About Me"

—James H. Hill once said: "It makes little difference what man wears as long as it is clean. The man whose clothes are pressed takes a pride in his personal appearance, and that is a spur to ambition, a guide to clean work. I want clean men about me."

—In this day of high clothing prices it is rarely feasible to buy many new suits. Through our economical dry-cleaning service you can still present a crisp, business-like appearance. Well kept garments are a business asset.

We are prepared to handle any kind of ladies' work successfully.

Car will Call for Your Garments and Deliver Promptly

ELITE PRESSING PARLOR

L. BARKER, Prop.

CLEANERS AND PRESSERS

CAMP & CO.

131 York Ave.



Plumbing,
Heating,
Sheet Metal Work



Phone 155

Jewelry

MOST STYLISH AND UP-
TO-DATE.

Drugs

ALWAYS PURE AND
FRESH.



BRASELTON-SMITH

Drug Company.

Dorothy Watt, Jeweler.

The Bank of Service

WE STRIVE at all times to render the most efficient service possible to all our patrons and appreciate all business entrusted to our care. If not already a customer, open an account with us and be with a fast growing bank.



FIRST STATE BANK

Weatherford, Texas

Bathing Suits--

For the young or old.

For the swimmer or the wall
flower.

For the male or female.

Loud or sober.

Summer is coming.

The water will be fine.

Let us show you.

EVERYSPORT

West side of square.

Quick Service Shoe Repair Shop

Southeast Corner of
Square.

If you have a pair of shoes that you think can't be repaired, those are the shoes we are looking for. All we ask is bring a pair of shoe strings, or an eyelet so we can tell what color your shoes were.

John Current, Prop.

North Side Baptist Church

of Weatherford, Texas

THIS CHURCH was organized June 14th, 1897, with twenty charter members. July 18, 1897, they bought a small house and lot on North Main street for which they paid \$175. To this building they made several additions from time to time. During 1917 they built a good, up-to-date church building, with modern conveniences in every respect which is now worth \$50,000.

This church now has a membership of 365, and the following auxiliaries to the Sunday school and church: Sunbeam Band, Junior B. Y. P. U., Senior B. Y. P. U., Women's Auxiliary and an assistant Pastor.

This church paid out for all purposes in the year of 1919 over fifteen thousand dollars. The church has two out-mission stations.

The present pastor, C. H. Ray, has been with the church nearly eight years. The pastor publishes a monthly Baptist paper, which is read by nearly every member of the church and has a good circulation outside.

*This Church Welcomes All Who Come
This Way, To Our Services*

"WE WANT MEN WHO KICK"

About the way their clothes are cleaned, pressed and repaired to let us care for their apparel—then "kicking" stops. Our methods of doing this work are so modern and up to the minute that we are certain of pleasing all who trust us with their work.

CITY PRESSING PARLOR

THE UNION TAILORS

—We Know How.—

South Side of Square

Cliff Morgan, Prop.

The Model Grocery

Jas. V. Vandagriff

**Groceries and Fresh
Meats**

Feed and country
Produce

We take pains, pleasure
and pride in pleasing
the particular. . . .

INSURANCE---

Fire
Burglary
Hail
Tornado
Plate Glass
Workmen's Compensation
Public Liability
Automobile
All Kinds of Bonds.....

**A Satisfying Service with
A Heart In It.**

Williams & Newberry
Office rear M. & F. Bank bldg.

Thoughts

Who lives who has reached manhood or womanhood that has not buried somewhere in mind thoughts of a happy period in life the recalling of which brings supreme joy to the heart?

Short, it may have been—all too short, but the scenes surrounding it, and those who contributed so much to our happiness then, will live forever locked in our memory.

How pleasant it is to be able in this retrospection to refer to a photograph of the absent friend—to see the smile and love-light in the eyes that meant so much to us then, and the thought of whom brings us so much joy now.

From friend
to dear friend—
to those
we love
nothing is
more appreciated
than
a photograph.

The Land Studio

Photos of Quality.

Kodak Finishing, Copying, Enlarging

Phone 486—P. O. Drawer 304

Weatherford, ... Texas.

WE ARE PROUD



WE ARE constrained to feel proud of the 1920 Melon Vine, not because we believe that we have produced a job of printing that can't be duplicated in any other office, but because of the knowledge that in this issue of The Melon Vine we have our first real opportunity to demonstrate to the people of this community that we are really capable of handling work of this character, and that the finished product equals that quality of high-class printing produced only in offices where expert workmen are employed, together with the proper mechanical equipment. One advantage we had, however, over most offices is that we are the owners of a secret, patented process for "making-ready" half-tone engravings, and this process cannot be duplicated with the old style, hand-made over-lays.

FRANKLIN PRINTING PRICE LIST

All the prices that are contained in the "little black book" are based entirely on information secured from accurately kept cost records, and are fair and just, both to the printer and the customer. We sell our printing just like a merchant sells his merchandise—one price to all, and that price an intelligent one. No haphazard guess work or putting on all the pressure the customer will bear.

Have your printing priced according to the Franklin Printing Price List and you will know that you are paying a fair price for your work, and the printer is only making a legitimate profit.

We handle the De Luxe line of Loose Leaf devices and supplies and can furnish you with ANYTHING in Loose Leaf—ledgers, binders, transfer binders, post binders, ring books, ledger sheets, etc.

We also handle typewriter ribbons, carbon paper, adding machine paper, legal blanks, etc.

THE WEATHERFORD DEMOCRAT IS PARKER
COUNTY'S REAL FARM PAPER.

Democrat Publishing Co.

36 N. Main "Get it from the Democrat" Weatherford, Texas.

1880

1920

The First National Bank

Weatherford, Texas

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$250,000

W. S. Fant, President.

R. W. Davis, Vice-President.

George Fant, Cashier.

J. E. Whitsett, Jack Hart, Tellers.

Joe Kebelman, Willard Sadler, Tom Leach,
Bookkeepers.

Carrie Vann, Stenographer

David Fant, Collection Clerk

1880

1920

REYNOLD'S DRUG & JEWELRY CO.

—for—

Graduating Presents

WE HAVE THEM FOR THE
BOYS—Watches, high-grade,
21 jewels.

FOR THE GIRLS — Wrist
Watches, Lavalieres, and Dia-
mond Rings — 46-100k \$225.
You can't equal it in Dallas
or Fort Worth, so do not go
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